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Established June, 1753, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

TAXES NOW READY AND PAYABLE

The City Shows an Increase in Valuation of Over Two Millions Over Last Year

The last day for paying city taxes is one week from next Thursday, August 31. The tax assessors are working day and night to get ready for the horde of people who are anxious to get rid of their surplus funds. The city was too poor this year to print a tax list for its taxpayers, so the aforesaid taxpayer will have to go to the Collector's office with sufficient money in hand to meet all demands. The rate is two dollars on a hundred, the same as last year. So in all probability the individual's taxes will not vary much from last year.

The assessors have just reached the bottom dollar of the city's valuation and report the total to be \$82,903,800.00, being an increase over last year of \$2,383,400.00. The real estate this year is valued at \$19,366,664.00, buildings and improvements \$28,221,370.00, tangible personal property \$7,223,302.00, making a grand total on which the tax rate is \$2.00, on a \$100.00, of \$54,793,900.00. The intangible personal property, on which the tax is fixed by state law at 40 cents on \$100.00, amounts to \$28,109,900.00. The total tax this year is \$1,208,317.60. Last year it was \$1,193,779.20.

Of the increase in the city's valuation this year \$2,070,600.00 is in intangible personal property. In all other kinds of property the increase is \$312,800.00.

The state law compelling the assessment of all taxes on June 15 hampers the assessors very much in getting the annual assessment made out in time to give the taxpayer an opportunity to consider the subject before payment is demanded.

OUR OLDEST SUMMER RESIDENT

Henry Clews, one of our oldest, if not the oldest, summer residents, and the dean of Wall street, celebrated his eighty-second birthday last Monday. He is hale and hearty, and good for many more years to come. He is always a welcome figure in Newport. Born in Staffordshire, England, Mr. Clews studied for the ministry. While visiting New York with his father he decided to enter commercial life. At the age of 21, when the Civil War started, Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, appointed him government financial agent.

The Weir-Jeter Trio will give a Sacred concert at the Y. M. C. A. on Sunday afternoon, August 27th, and should draw a large attendance. The trio consists of Professor H. Leonard Jeter cellist, Professor Felix F. Weir violinist, and Miss Olive L. Jeter pianist. All are well known musicians who have frequently been heard in Newport. At present they are with the "Shuffle Along" Company, now playing to crowded houses in Boston.

Two Newport lobstermen, Lester Coggeshall and Norman Brownell, while pulling their pots in the bay, off Rose Island Monday morning, were run down by a large oil tank steamer and had narrow escapes from drowning. Their boat was badly damaged.

Mr. and Mrs. John Vars have returned to their home in Worcester, after spending some time in Newport.

FLEET DAY CELEBRATION

Wednesday was an ideal day for the big local celebration and entertainment for the men of the fleet. Although it was very hot throughout the day and evening, there was not a trace of the heavy fog that had prevailed during the preceding evening, and every sightseer seemed willing to brave the heat. At any rate, if any were kept at home during the evening, they were not missed, for it seemed as if every resident of Newport, with many from nearby places, was on Washington Square at some time during the evening. At times it was impossible to move in any direction, and the police barriers were once broken down with a sudden inflow of spectators into the dancing area, while the heat in the congestion was something terrific.

The center of the city never presented a more striking appearance than it did on Wednesday evening. Washington Square, in particular, was wonderfully decorated. The strings of variegated electric lamps were everywhere, while huge batteries of searchlights carefully focused gave a flood of illumination that made the center of the square as light as day. The floral decorations, too, were wonderful. Great floral pillars had been erected along the north side of the Mall, consisting of white hydrangeas draped about long poles and connected by streamers of the same variety. The great temporary bandstand, which had been erected directly across the car tracks, was also handsomely decorated and lighted, and when the bandmen in the uniform of the United States Navy filled the stand, the effect was very striking.

During the day there were many strangers in the city, but not all of them remained for the evening festivities. There were many auto loads that came in for the evening, and the suburban trolleys were well patronized, but there was no great influx from the outside world. As the celebration was for the men of the fleet, primarily, this made little difference.

A feature of the afternoon programme was the cutter race in the harbor between crews from the various ships of the fleet. The racers were divided in to two classes, one of whale boats from the destroyers, and the other of cutters from the battleships. The crew from the destroyer Golf won the former contest and the crew from the battleship Wyoming won the other. Much interest was taken in the contest and much enthusiasm was manifested.

On shore there were two features at the Government Landing—a baby carriage parade and a doll carriage parade. There were many entrants for each contest and the judges had considerable difficulty in making the awards. During the afternoon the Fort Adams band rendered a number of selections on the Government Landing.

The big affair of the day, however, was the "Block Party" on Washington Square in the evening. It was a new feature for Newport, one that had been much discussed in advance, and the result was certainly an enormous crowd, many of them drawn by curiosity to see what it was all about. The picture was certainly beautiful, with the brilliantly illuminated and decorated square filled with gaily-dressed humanity. The crowds were everywhere. Every window in the neighborhood was jammed, and spectators climbed to every point of vantage that could possibly be reached. Even the statue of Oliver Hazard Perry carried its group of boys, one youth being calmly perched upon the head.

The arrangements for the dance had been carefully planned and were as carefully carried out. Nothing indecorous was to be seen anywhere within the roped area. Chaperones, aides, police and Navy patrols were everywhere very much in evidence. All, including the dancers, had important duties to perform, and attended to them with the utmost gravity and seriousness. The throwing of confetti and serpentine was a part of the programme for the evening, and was scrupulously and decorously performed.

All the activity did not center on Washington Square, however. Along Thames street, which was also within the illuminated area, there was rather more spontaneity of entertainment than in the more formal section. Congdon's orchestra gave a good programme of music on the street and there were many informal gatherings.

When the dancing began on the Square at 8.00 o'clock it was practically impossible for the spectators to move in any direction, and the later comers were forced to seek the side streets to gain a view even from

a distance. After a few dances, however, the crowd began to thin out along the side lines, enough so that it was possible to pass up and down the sidewalk by moving with the crowd.

The police arrangements for handling the big crowd were excellent. Autos were parked in every available space along Broadway and the side streets where parking was allowed. Although they had thinned out very materially before the dance came to a close, it was no small task for the traffic officers to straighten out the sudden movement of cars after the last selection by the band.

Altogether, it was a notable occasion for Newport, and one that will be long remembered.

A FLYING PROPOSITION

The Newport Airway Inc., is the latest addition to the number of local corporations. It has been incorporated by several young men who have had wide experience in flying, headed by Mr. William F. Watson, Jr. An excellent landing place has been secured, suitable for either land or water machines, and a flying boat has been ordered as the first equipment of the corporation. By another summer the new organization is expected to be in full swing, ready to handle all the business that is offered.

Mr. Watson served as lieutenant in the United States Air Forces during the war and flew both on this side and in France. He has maintained his interest since he was mustered out, and has made many prolonged air trips since. Being a member of the Reserve Officers Corps, he has had ample opportunity to keep in touch with the latest developments in flying.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening a communication was received from the board of health stating that two local soda fountain establishments were violating the regulation regarding the use of paper drinking cups and asked that the licenses be revoked. The communication was referred to the Chief of Police for investigation.

A petition for a license for a Spiritualistic seance and dance in Builders & Merchants' Hall was laid on the table, as the applicant was unknown to the board.

An effort was made to raise the number of hackney licenses from 100 to 105, but the board decided to stick by the established limit. A great deal of routine business was transacted.

What promises to be one of the greatest Rhode Island Kennel Club dog shows in years will open Saturday in Freebody Park, Newport, R. I. More than 500 dogs, representing all breeds of the present day, will be on their benches when Superintendent Charles E. O'Connor opens the doors for this one-day American Kennel Club licensed annual fixture.

The Old Stone Mill will be illuminated with flood lights on the evening of August 29th, when the costume ball and pageant will be held on the grounds of the Art Association. Inasmuch as the title of the pageant is The Viking, it is especially fitting that the Old Stone Mill should be a conspicuous feature.

Malbone Lodge, No. 93, New England Order of Protection, will hold an order meeting on Thursday evening, October 5, when it is hoped to have the Grand Warden of Rhode Island present. There will be an entertainment programme and good speaking.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Lynette King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter King, and Mr. Harold Congdon Anthony. The ceremony will take place at the home of the bride's parents on Tuesday evening, September 5, at 6.30 o'clock.

Orders have been issued from the Navy department to continue Master Mechanic J. J. Moore on active duty for another period of two years. This follows the issuing of an executive order to that effect by President Harding.

The board of sinking fund commissioners of the City of Newport have elected Colonel Edward A. Sherman chairman in place of George Gordon King, deceased.

Mr. Crocker Landers of Boston is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Landers, Jr.

Work has been begun on the addition to the surgical building at the Newport Hospital.

EARL P. MASON

Mr. Earl P. Mason, a former well known resident of Newport, died at his home in Summit, N. J., on Sunday, after a comparatively short illness. He had a wide circle of friends in this city, who were greatly shocked to learn of his untimely death. He was forty-five years of age.

Mr. Mason was born in Providence, the son of Mr. A. Livingston Mason, who afterward removed to Newport to make his home on Halidon Hill. Mr. Mason was graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, with an excellent record, and soon after opened the Newport Engineering Works in this city, where he built up a large business. He was active in the Masonic fraternity and served as Master of St. John's Lodge in 1907. He had served two terms in the old City Council, and was quite active in the Republican party.

At the first entrance of the United States into the World War, Mr. Mason was commissioned in the Naval Reserve and was assigned to important duty in connection with the Newport station, being promoted to lieutenant commander. He was later transferred to Hoboken and was active in the gigantic task of quickly repairing the seized German liners which had been badly damaged by their crews. There he made a splendid record, and his services were welcomed by the United States Shipping Board after the close of the war.

Mr. Mason leaves a wife, who was Miss Mary Agnes Walsh of this city, and several children. He is also survived by his father and two sisters.

MRS. LEWIS BROWN

Mrs. Julia Ellery Brown, widow of Lewis Brown, died at her home on Bedford avenue on Monday, after a short illness, in her seventy-sixth year. She was a daughter of the late Darius Ellery Barker and had spent her entire life in Newport. Her husband had served as postmaster, and was long active in the councils of the Democratic party, having a wide acquaintance all over the State.

She is survived by two sons, Mr. J. Stacy Brown of New York and Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis Brown, U. S. A., and one daughter, Miss Julia Brown of New York.

In response to many inquiries regarding the history of the George Howland estate, at the corner of Spring and Touro streets, Mr. James S. Hazard finds that it was willed by Jacob Barney to his son Robert, and was sold by the latter to John Earle on May 15th, 1797, the "mansion house" being on the property at that time. On March 25th, 1829, John Earle sold the property to George Howland. The work of raising the building to build stores underneath is progressing steadily. The new owner is Carlo Fiero.

Good progress is being made on the grounds of the new Golf and Country Club, and when the golf course is completed, it is expected to be one of the very finest in the country. It is now planned to have the formal opening of the Club on July 4, 1923, at which time the club house, golf course, and tennis courts are expected to be in excellent condition. New applications for stock in the corporation are being received regularly, and the new organization will start off under very promising auspices.

Notices have been received by the members of Kelah Grotto outlining the plans for the big gathering in Worcester next month. According to the advance announcements, that city is planning to lay herself out for the entertainment of the Prophets and the occasion promises to be a busy and pleasing one. There are many prizes offered for different events, and Kelah will be on the list of entrants of most of them.

The invitation tennis tournament at the Casino has attracted much attention this week. There was an excellent list of entrants, including some of the crack players of the world, and some splendid contests have developed. All the boxes were sold long before the tournament began and there has been a large attendance. As the contests become warmer and the field is more reduced, even greater interest is developing.

Less than two weeks remain in which to pay taxes without incurring a penalty. Inasmuch as there are no printed tax books this year, most people are very much at sea as to what they will have to pay or their neighbors will have to pay for similar holdings. There is much dissatisfaction expressed over the lack of the books.

LIQUOR VESSEL HERE

The water front of Newport was somewhat stirred last Saturday evening, when an alleged run-runner was brought in here under guard of the United States vessel Hahn, which has been engaged with other small boats in preventing the landing of liquors on the Atlantic shores. The captured vessel was the schooner Marina of Nova Scotia. The two vessels lay at Sullivan's wharf for some time, while the officers were making reports and completing their arrangements, and later was taken to Providence and tied up at the State Pier.

As the Mariana was flying the British flag, the United States authorities are taking precautions to avoid international complications. It was stated that the schooner was well inside Block Island when captured, but this the Captain denies. Mr. J. A. Sullivan of this city has been retained as counsel for the Captain of the schooner, and will make every effort to see that his rights are protected.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Newport County Women's Republican Club on Thursday afternoon, the principal address was delivered by Congressman Clark Burdick, who took for his topic "The Duties of a Congressman." Mr. Burdick spoke of the importance of the coming election in November, when the people of Rhode Island, he said, will elect a Republican to succeed Senator Gerry. Mr. Burdick's address was very interesting and gave the ladies an opportunity to learn more about how a member of Congress spends his time while laboring for his constituents at the Nation's capital.

All the members of the Wampanoag Golf and Country Club have been invited to the famous links of M. T. Suffern Tailor on Sunday, when an interesting foursome will be played by some of the crack golfers.

On account of the absence of coal in the local yards and the consequent inactivity there, the coal dealers will close their plants from Friday night until Monday morning for the present.

August is more than half gone, and winter will soon be upon us. If the next few Sundays bring pleasant weather, there should be a large number of visitors in the city.

The total collection among the Newport business men and others for Fleet Day amounted to about \$1800.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)

Meeting of Town Council

The regular business meeting of the town council and probate court was held in the town hall on Monday afternoon, with all the members present.

In the town council, a petition from the residents of Island Park was received, asking for permission for a man from Tiverton to remove garbage from the Park.

The petition of Emma Eastwood for a victualler's license was granted. William A. Smith was appointed police constable for Prudence Island.

It was voted to meet to make a preliminary canvass of the voting list Tuesday, September 5, at 7.30 p. m.

The following special constables were appointed for the Newport County Fair—J. Fred Sherman, Frank P. Sherman, Alton P. Sherman, Borden C. Anthony, William A. S. Cummings, Charles Gifford, William T. H. Sowle, William B. Anthony, Arthur A. Sherman, Ernest I. Sisson, William C. Main and Henry C. Anthony, Jr.

Victor I. Miller was appointed forest warden for Prudence Island.

A number of bills were received and ordered paid.

In the probate court, the petition of George R. Hicks, to erect a stone at the grave of Letitia T. Freeborn, was allowed.

The will of Manuel S. Lopes was proved and ordered recorded, and letters testamentary were ordered issued to Anna V. Lopes. Personal bond was required in the sum of \$2000. Warren R. Sherman was appointed appraiser.

An inventory of the estates of Bradford C. Louise E. and Josephine H. Brayton were allowed and ordered recorded.

A special meeting of the Colonel William Barton Chapter, D. A. R., was held recently in the chapter house, the regent, Mrs. Philip L. Wilbour, presiding. Plans were made for a celebration to be held on August 23, commemorating the Battle of Rhode Island. The speaker of the afternoon will be former Lieutenant-Governor Roswell B. Burchard of Little Compton.

The Trask Artesian Well Company, which started operations at the Berkeley School last week, have already gone down about 70 feet through shale. The work is being done on the south side of the well.

Frank Reize, 16 year old son of Antone and Frances Reize, was drowned while bathing at Sandy

Point on Tuesday evening. He was accompanied by a number of boys and young men and had been out to the raft. It is supposed that he was taken with cramps. A companion went to his aid and was dragged down twice, but finally freed himself, when Reize sank. Chief of Police Deegan was soon on the scene and sent for grappling irons, which were supplied by Chief of Police Tobin of Newport. The body was found about 9.30 by George Lopes, Philip Smoot and Walter Gray, who were in a row boat. They caught the irons into the young man's bathing suit. Several automobiles were lined up on the shore and threw their lights out over the water to aid in the search. The funeral was held from his late home opposite the Fair grounds, on East Main road at 8.30 a. m., with solemn high mass at St. Anthony's Church at 9 o'clock.

A bad accident occurred on Quaker Hill last week when a motorcycle ridden by Amos Marvel, Jr., came down the hill, running into a number of people returning from the camp meeting. Mr. Henry Thomas was found to have a compound fracture and was taken to the Newport Hospital. Mrs. Robert Whitworth was badly shaken and cut and bruised and was put to bed at her home on Sprague street. Her guest, Mrs. Jennie Holden, was cut, bruised and dazed, but not seriously hurt. John Davis and Leslie Manchester were knocked down but received only minor injuries. Mr. Marvel was bruised and badly cut about the face.

Mr. Lester Coggeshall and Mr. Norman Brownell, who were run down in Newport harbor by an oil tanker, were both former residents of this town. Mr. Coggeshall is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Leander Coggeshall and moved to Newport last spring, where he has purchased a house. Mr. Brownell is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Brownell. Both young men had always lived near the water and, fortunately, were good swimmers.

News has been received of the death of Rev. Samuel E. Hodges in Flushing, Long Island, where he resided. He was formerly the minister of the Friends' Church in this town, and two of his daughters, Misses Mary and Ruth Hodges, remained here and were students at the Training School for Nurses at the Newport Hospital. Rev. Mr. Hodges was born in England eighty-one years ago and came to this country during the Civil War. He is survived by his widow and eight children. Mrs. Hodges is also a Friends' minister. The body was brought here for burial in the Friends' cemetery.

The Bristol Ferry School and the McCorrie School have recently received a new coat of paint.

Infant baptism was celebrated at St. Mary's Church on Sunday morning at the morning service. Rev. James P. Conover officiated. Three infants, Gilbert Rogers, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Rogers Manchester, Jr.; Phyllis Manchester, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ward Elliott, and Fay Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Carr, were christened. The first two named were the grandson and great-granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Manchester, who were present at the ceremony.

The Portsmouth Camp Meeting closed on Sunday evening after being in session over three Sundays as usual. These meetings have been largely attended and the music by the Women's Quartet has been greatly appreciated.

Mr. Eli Robinson, of New Brunswick, has been guest of his uncle, Mr. Emerson Bishop. Mr. Robinson has secured a position in Lynn, Mass., where he was employed before leaving to enlist in a Canadian regiment in war time.

Mr. Isaac Chase has sold for Gardner Easton his cottage near Braman's Lane on the East Main road, to Mrs. Marion P. Hall Jackson.

Mr. Gardner T. Sherman has sold his farm of 22 acres to Mr. Philip Bridgman of Plymouth, Mass., formerly of this town. Mr. Sherman's daughter, Mrs. Hurlburt, who has been visiting him, will soon return to her home in Maine, after which Mr. Sherman will visit Mrs. Charles Chase in Swansea for a while.

Mr. and Mrs. Staley Trask have a son, which was born to them last week at their home on Middle Road.

Miss Mary Hall and a party of friends have returned from a motor trip to Canada.

Mr. John Hathaway is seriously ill at his home on Middle Road and is being cared for by a nurse.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Briggs, who have been boarding with Mrs. Briggs' parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Brown, have gone to Westerly, where they will make their home.

Miss Mary S. Manchester of Bristol Ferry, is enjoying a two weeks' vacation from her duties in an office in Fall River.

Misses Carlotta Coggeshall, Ruth Bone, Julia Bone, Clara Murphy and Louise Slocum are spending two weeks at the Girl Scout Camp in West Kingston.

The plans for the bazaar to be given August 24 for the benefit of the Portsmouth Free Library are maturing. Ex-Governor Beckman has kindly consented to be present and address the people.

There was a fire at Island Park on Monday afternoon. The Portsmouth fire apparatus attended promptly and was soon on the job to save the building.

Mr. Benjamin C. Sherman, who has been ill and confined to his home, was able to be out Sunday for a short time.

The CROSS-CUT

by Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATIONS by R.B. Van Nice



SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—At Thornton Fairchild's death his son Robert is there has been a dark period in his father's life which for almost thirty years has caused him suffering. The secret is hinted at in a document left by the older Fairchild, which also informs Robert he is now owner of a mining claim in Colorado, and advising him to see Harry Beamsish, a lawyer.

CHAPTER II.—Beamsish tells Robert his claim, a silver mine, is at Ohadi, thirty-eight miles from Denver. He also warns him against a certain man, "Squint" Rodaine, his father's enemy. Robert decides to go to Ohadi.

CHAPTER III.—On the road to Ohadi from Denver Fairchild's estate a girl, apparently in a frenzy of haste, to change a tire on her auto. When she has left, the sheriff and a posse appear, in pursuit of a bandit. Fairchild bewildered, misleads them as to the direction the girl had taken.

CHAPTER IV.—At Ohadi Fairchild is warmly greeted by "Mother" Howard, boarding-house keeper, for his father's sake.

CHAPTER V.—From Mother Howard, Fairchild learns something of the "Blue Poppy" mine. He meets the girl he has assisted, but she denies her identity. She is Anita Richmond, Judge Richmond's daughter.

CHAPTER VI.—Visiting his claim, Fairchild is shadowed by a man he recognizes from descriptions as "Squint" Rodaine. Back in Ohadi, the older Fairchild, Harry Beamsish, a Cornishman, summoned from England by Beamsish to help Fairchild, tells him his story.

CHAPTER VII.—The pair find the mine flooded and have not sufficient funds to have it pumped dry. Later, in the day "Squint" Rodaine announces that he has practically won the mine, and that he has flooded it and evidently is drowned.

CHAPTER VIII.—Rodaine being a general favorite, the entire population turns out to "clear the flooded mine." When the work is practically done, Harry appears, apparently surprised at the turnout. It had been a threat to the mine, but to get the mine pumped out without cost to himself or Fairchild, and the men take it as a good joke.

CHAPTER IX.—Fairchild learns that Judge Richmond is dying, and that he and Anita are in the power of the Rodaines. They begin as partners, to work the mine. In their hearts both fear that Rodaine was killed by Thornton Fairchild and his body buried by a cave-in which destroyed the mine. At the "Old Times" Fairchild dances with Anita, to the discomfiture of "Squint" Rodaine, who is supposed to be engaged to the girl. A bandit holds up the dance and shoots a merry-maker. Maurice Rodaine claims he recognized the bandit as Harkins. The latter is arrested. Fairchild interferes to save Anita from the bullying of the two Rodaines, and is misjudged at Anita's apparent ingratitude.

CHAPTER X

The Rodaines were on the sidewalk when Fairchild came forth from the Richmond home, and true to his instructions from the frightened girl, he brushed past them swiftly and went on down the street, not turning at the muttered invectives which came from the crooked lips of the older man, not seeming even to notice their presence as he hurried on toward Mother Howard's boarding house. In his creaky bed he sought to think, but in vain.

After hours, daylight began to streak the sky. Fairchild, dull, worn by excitement and fatigue, strove to rise, then laid his head on the pillow for just a moment of rest. And with that perversity which extreme weariness so often exerts, his eyes closed, and he slept—to wake at last with the realization that it was late morning, and that some one was pounding on the door. Fairchild raised his head.

"Who is it?"

"No one you know—yet. I've come to talk to you about your partner. My I come in?"

"Yes," Fairchild was fully alive now to the activities that the day held before him. The door opened, and a young man, alert, almost cocky in manner, with black, snappy eyes showing behind horn-rimmed glasses, entered and reached for the sole chair that the room contained.

"My name's Farrell," he announced. "Randolph P. Farrell. And to make a long story short, I'm your lawyer."

"My lawyer?" Fairchild stared. "I haven't any lawyer in Ohadi. The only—"

"That doesn't alter the fact. I'm your lawyer, and I'm at your service. And I don't mind telling you that it's just about my first case. Otherwise I don't guess I'd have gotten it."

"Why not?" The frankness had driven other queries from Fairchild's mind. Farrell, the attorney, grinned cheerily.

"Because I understand it concerns the Rodaines. Nearly everybody has a little money stuck into their enterprises. And seeing I have no money at all, I'm not financially interested. And not being interested, I'm wholly just, fair and willing to fight 'em to a standstill. Your partner's in jail, as I understand it. Guilty or not guilty?"

"Wa—wait a minute! Who hired you?" Then with a sudden inspiration: "Mother Howard didn't go and do this?"

"Mother Howard? You mean the woman who runs the boarding house? Not at all."

"But—"

"I'm not exactly at liberty to state." Suspicion began to assert itself.

"Under those conditions, I don't believe—"

me for this work, I—well, I brought the evidence. Here, take a glimpse and then throw it away, tear it up, swallow it, or do anything you want to with it. Just so nobody else sees it. Ready? Look!"

He drew forth a small visiting card. Fairchild glanced at it. Then he looked—and then he sat up straight in bed. For before him were the engraved words:

"Miss Anita Natalie Richmond."

While across the card was hastily written, in a hand distinctively feminine:

"Mr. Fairchild: This is my good friend. He will help you. There is no fee attached. Please destroy."

"Anita Richmond."

"Hu—but I don't understand."

"You know Miss—er—the writer of this card, don't you?"

"But why should she—?"

Mr. Farrell grinned broadly.

"I see you don't know Miss—the writer of this card at all. That's her name. Besides—well, all she's got to do with me is to keep her finger and I'll jump through. I'm—none of your business. But, anyway, here I am—"

Fairchild could not restrain a laugh. There was something about the man, about his nervous, yet boyish way of speaking, about his enthusiasm, that wiped out suspicion and invited confidence. The owner of the Blue Poppy mine leaned forward.

"But you didn't finish your sentence about—the writer of that card."

"You mean—oh—well, there's nothing to that. I'm to love with her. Been in love with her since I've been knee-high to a duck. So're you. So's every other human being that thinks he's a regular man. So's Maurice Rodaine. Don't know about the rest of you—but I haven't got a chance. Don't let it bother you. The problem right now is to get your partner out of jail. How much money have you got?"

"Only a little more than two thousand."

"Not enough. There'll be bonds on four charges. At the least, they'll be around a thousand dollars apiece. Probabilities are that they'll run around ten thousand for the bunch. How about the Blue Poppy?"

"I don't know what it's worth."

"Neither do I. Neither does the judge. Neither does any one else. Therefore, it's worth at least ten thousand dollars. That'll do the trick. I'll suggest now that you get up, seize your deeds and accompany me to the palace of justice. Otherwise, that partner of yours will have to eat dinner in a place called in undignified language the 'house of sin'."

Soon Fairchild was dressed and walked hurriedly up the street with the voluble attorney. A half-hour more and they were before the court, Fairchild, the lawyer and the jail-worn Harry, his mustache fluttering in more directions than ever.

"Not guilty, Your Honor," said Randolph P. Farrell. "May I ask the extent of the bond?"

The judge adjusted his glasses and studied the information which the district attorney had laid before him.

"In view of the number of charges and the seriousness of each, I must fix an aggregate bond of five thousand dollars, or twelve hundred fifty dollars for each case."

"Thank you; we had come prepared for more. Mr. Fairchild, who is Mr. Harkins' partner, is here to appear as bondsman. The deeds are in his name alone, the partnership existing, as I understand it, upon their word of honor or between them. I refer, Your Honor, to the deeds of the Blue Poppy mine. Would Your Honor care to examine them?"

His Honor would. His Honor did. For a long moment he studied them, and Fairchild, in looking about the courtroom, saw the bailiff in conversation with a tall, thin man, with squint eyes and a scar-marked forehead. A moment later, the judge looked over his glasses.

"Bailiff!"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Have you any information regarding the value of the Blue Poppy mining claims?"

"Sir, I have just been talking to Mr. Rodaine. He says they're well worth the value of the bond."

"How about that, Rodaine?" The judge peered down the courtroom.

"They'll do," was his answer, and the judge passed the papers to the clerk of the court.

"Bond accepted. I'll set this trial for November 11."

"Very well, Your Honor." Then he turned with a wide grin to his clients. "That's all until November."

Out they filed through the narrow aisle of the courtroom, Fairchild's knee brushing the trouser leg of Squint Rodaine as they passed. At the door, the attorney turned toward them, then put forth a hand.

"Drop in any day this week and we'll go over things," he announced cheerfully. "We put one over on his royal joblots that time, anyway. Hates me from the ground up. Worst we can hope for is a conviction and then a Supreme Court reversal. I'll get him so mad he'll fill the case with errors. He used to be an instructor down at Boulder, and I stuck the pages of a lecture together on him one day. That's

"Bond Accepted—I'll Set This Trial for—"

why I asked for an early trial. Knew he'd give me a late one. That'll let us have time to stir up a little favorable evidence, which right now we don't possess. Understand—all money that comes from the mine is held in escrow until this case is decided. But I'll explain that. Going to stick around here and back in the effluence of really possessing a case. 'S long!"

And he turned back into the courtroom, while Fairchild, the dazed Harry staking beside him, started down the street.

"Ow do you figure it?" asked the Cornishman at last.

"Rodaine. 'E 'elped us out!"

Fairchild stopped. It had not occurred to him before. But now he saw it: that if Rodaine, as an expert on mining, had condemned the Blue Poppy, it could have meant only one thing, the denial of bond by the judge and the lack of freedom for Harry. Fairchild rubbed a hand across his brow.

"I can't figure it," came at last. "And especially since his son is the accuser and since I got the best of them both last night!"

"Got the best of 'em? You?"

The story was brief in its telling. And it brought no explanation of the sudden amiability displayed by the crooked-faced Rodaine. They went on, striving vainly for a reason, at last to stop in front of the post office, as the postmaster leaned out of the door.

"Your name's Fairchild, isn't it?" asked the person of letters.

"Yes."

"Thought so. Some of the fellows said you was. There's been a letter for you here for two days."

"For me?" Vaguely Fairchild went within and received the missive, a plain, hand envelope without a return address. He turned it over and over in his hand before he opened it—then looked at the postmark—Denver. At last:

"Open it, why don't you?"

Harry's mustache was tickling his ear, as the big man stared over his shoulder. Before them were figures and sentences which blurred for a moment, finally to resolve into:

"Mr. Robert Fairchild, 'Ohadi, Colorado."

"Dear Sir:

"I am empowered by a client whose name I am not at liberty to state, to make you an offer of \$50,000 for your property in Ohadi Creek valley, known as the Blue Poppy mine. In replying, kindly address your letter to:

"Box 150, Denver, Colo."

Harry whistled long and thoughtfully.

"That's a 'ole lot of money!"

"An awful lot, Harry. But why was the offer made? There's nothing to base it on. There's—"

Then for a moment, as they stepped out of the post office, he gave up the thought, even of comparative riches. Twenty feet away, a man and a girl were approaching, talking as though there never had been the slightest trouble between them. It was Maurice Rodaine and Anita Richmond; they came closer, her eyes turned toward Fairchild, and then—

She went on, without speaking, without taking the trouble to notice, apparently, that he had been standing there.

After this, there was little conversation until Harry and Fairchild had reached the boarding house. Then, with Mother Howard for an adviser, the three gathered in the old parlor, and Fairchild related the events of the night before, adding what had happened at the post office, when Anita had passed him without speaking. Mother Howard, her arms folded as usual, bobbed her gray head.

"It's like her, Son," she announced at last. "She's a good girl. I've known her ever since she was a little tad not big enough to walk. And she loves her father."

"But—"

"She loves her father. Isn't that enough? The Rodaines have the money—and they have almost everything that Judge Richmond owns. It's easy enough to guess what they've done with it—tied it up so that he can't touch it until they're ready for him to do it. And they're not going to do that until they've gotten what they want."

"Which is—?"

"Anita! Any fool ought to be able to know that. That stroke last night was the second one for the Judge. There usually ain't any more after the third one. Now, can't you see why Anita is willing to do anything on earth just to keep peace and just to give her father a little rest and comfort and happiness in the last days of his life? You've got to remember that he ain't like an ordinary father that you can go to and tell all your troubles to. He's laying next door to death, and Anita, just like any woman that's

got a great, big, good heart in her, is willing to face worse than death to help him. It's as plain to me as the nose on Harry's face."

"Which is quite plain," agreed Fairchild ruefully. Harry rubbed the ill-boded proboscis, poked at his mustache and fidgeted in his chair.

"I understand that, all right," he announced at last. "But why should anybody want to buy the mine?"

It brought Fairchild to the realization of a new development, and he brought forth the letter, once more to stare at it.

"Fifty thousand dollars is a lot of money," came at last.

"And what then?" Mother Howard, still looking through uncolored glasses, took the letter and scanned it. "You two ain't quitters, are you?"

"Oo, us?" Harry bristled.

"Yes, you. If you are, get yourselves a piece of paper and write to Denver and take the offer. If you ain't—keep on fighting."

"I believe you're right, Mother Howard," Fairchild reached for the letter again and was staring at it as though for inspiration. "That amount of money seems to be a great deal. Still, if a person will offer that much for a mine when there's nothing in sight to show its value, it ought to mean that there's something dark in the woodpile and that the thing's worth fighting out. And personally speaking, I'm willing to fight!"

"I never quit in my life!" Harry straightened in his chair and his mustache stuck forth pugnaciously. Mother Howard looked down at him, pressed her lips, then smiled.

"No," she announced, "except to run away like a whipped pup after you'd gotten a poor lonely boarding-house keeper in love with you!"

"Mother Howard, I'll—"

But the laughing, gray-haired woman had scrambled through the doorway and slammed the door behind her, only to open it a second later and poke her head within.

"Needn't think because you can hold up a dance hall and get away with it, you can use cave-man stuff on me!" she admonished. And in that one sentence was all the conversation necessary regarding the charges against Harry, as far as Mother Howard was concerned. She didn't believe them, and Harry's face showed that the world had become bright and serene again. He swung his great arms as though to loosen the big muscles of his shoulders. He pecked at his mustache. Then he turned to Fairchild.

"Well," he asked, "what do we do? Go up to the mine—just like nothing 'ad ever happened?"

"Exactly. Wait until I change my clothes. Then we'll be ready to start. I'm not even going to dignify this letter by replying to it. And for one principal reason—"

"That I think the Rodaines have something to do with it?"

"Ow so?"

"I don't know. I'll be ready in a moment."

An hour later they entered the mouth of the Blue Poppy tunnel, once more to start the engines and, to resume the pumping, meanwhile struggling back and forth with timbers from the mountain side, as they began the task of rehabilitating the tunnel where it had caved in just beyond the shaft.

Hour after hour they toiled, until the gray mists hung low over the mountain tops, until the shadows lengthened and twilight fell. The engines ceased their chugging, the coughing swirl of the dirty water as it came from the drift, far below, stopped. Slowly two weary men logged down the rutty road to the narrow, winding highway which led through Kentucky gulch and into town.

That night Fairchild did not lie awake to stare about him in the darkness. His eyes closed wearily, yet with a wholesome fatigue. Nor did he wake until Harry was pounding on the floor in the dawn of the morning.

Once more the pumps; once more the struggle against the heavy timbers; once more the "clunk" of the ax as it bit deep into wood, or the pounding of hammers as great spikes were driven into place. The timbering of the broken-down portion of the tunnel just behind the shaft had been repaired, and Harry flipped the sweat away from his broad forehead with an action of relief.

"Not that it does any particular good," he announced. "But it's room we'll need when we start working down below, and we might as well 'ave it fixed up—"

He ceased suddenly and ran to the pumps. A peculiar gurgling sound had come from the ends of the hose, and the flow depreciated greatly; instead of the steady gush of water, a slimy silt was coming out now, spraying and splattering about on the sides of the drainage ditch. Wildly Harry waved a monstrous paw.

"Shut 'em off!" he yelled to Fairchild in the dimness of the tunnel.

"It's sucking the muck out of the sump! That means the 'ole drift is unwat'ered."

"Then the pumping job's over?"

"Yeh," Harry rose. "You stay ere and dismantle the pumps, so we can send 'em back. I'll go to town. We've got to buy some stuff."

Then he started off down the trail, while Fairchild went to his work. And he sang as he dragged at the heavy hose. Work was before him, work which was progressing toward a goal that he had determined to seek, in spite of all obstacles. The mysterious offer which he had received gave evidence that something awaited him, that some one knew the real value of the Blue Poppy mine, and that if he could simply stick to his task, if he could hold to the unwavering purpose to win in spite of all the blocking pitfalls that were put in his path, some day, some time, the reward would be worth its price.

More, the conversation with Mother Howard on the previous morning had been comforting; it had given a woman's viewpoint upon another woman's actions. And Fairchild intuitively believed she was correct.

A shout from the road, accompanied by the roaring of a motor truck, announced the fact that Harry was making his return.

Five men were with him, to help him carry in ropes, heavy pulleys, weights and a large metal shaft bucket, then to move out the smaller of the pumps and trundle away with them, leaving the larger one and the larger engine for a single load. At last Harry turned to his paraphernalia and rolled up his sleeves.

"Ere's where we work!" he announced. "It's us for a pulley and bucket arrangement until we can get the 'ole drift to working and the skip to running. 'Eip me 'eave a few timbers."

It was the beginning of a three-days' job, the building of a heavy staging over the top of the shaft, the affixing of the great pulley, and then the attachment of the bucket at one end, and the skip, loaded with pig iron, on the other. Altogether, it formed a sort of crude, counterbalanced elevator, by which they might lower themselves into the shaft, with various bumpings and delays—but which worked successfully, nevertheless. Together they piled into the big, iron bucket. Harry hugging along spikes and timbers and sledges and ropes. Then, pulling away at the cable which held the weights, they furnished the necessary gravity to travel downward.

An eerie journey, faced on one side by the crawling rope of the skip as it traveled along the rusty old track on its waterlogged ties, on the other by the still dripping timbers of the aged shaft and its broken, rotting ladder, while the carbide lanterns cast shadows about, while the pulley above creaked and the eroded wheels of the skip squeaked and protested! Downward—a hundred feet—and they collided with the upward-bound skip, to fend off from it and start on again. The air grew colder, more moist. The carbides spluttered and flared.

A slight bump, and they were at the bottom. Before them the drift tunnel, damp and dripping and dark, awaited, seeming to throw back the flare of the carbides as though to shield the treasures which might lie beyond. Harry started forward a step, then pausing, shifted his carbide and laid a hand on his companion's shoulder.

"Boy," he said slowly, "we're starting at something now—and I don't know where it's going to lead us. There's a cave-in up 'ere, and if we're ever going to get anywhere in this mine, we'll 'ave to go past it. And I'm afraid of what we're going to find when we cut our way through!"

Clouds of the past seemed to rise and float past Fairchild—clouds which carried visions of a white, broken old man sitting by a window, waiting for death, visions of an old safe and a letter it contained. For a long, long moment, there was silence. Then came Harry's voice again.

"I'm afraid it ain't going to be good news, Boy. But there ain't no wye to get around it. It's got to come out sometime—things like that won't stay 'idden forever. And your father's gone now—gone where it can't 'urt 'im."

"I know," answered Fairchild, in a queer, husky voice. "He must have known, Harry—he must have been willing that it come, now that he is gone. He wrote me as much."

"It's that or nothing. If we sell the mine, some one else will find it. And we can't 'it the vein without following the drift to the stop. But you're the one to make the decision."

"He told me to go ahead, if necessary. And we'll go, Harry."

CHAPTER XI

They started forward then, making their way through the slime and silt of the drift flooring, slippery and wet from years of flooding. On—they stopped.

Progress had become impossible. Before them, twisted and torn and piled about in muddy confusion, the timbers of the mine suddenly showed in a perfect barricade, supplanted from behind by piles of muck and rocky refuse which left no opening to the chamber of the stop beyond. Harry's carbide went high in the air, and he slid forward, to stand a moment in thought before the obstacle. At place after place he surveyed it, finally to turn with a shrug of his shoulders.

"It's going to mean more'n a month of the 'ardest kind of work, Boy," came his final announcement. "Ow it could 'ave caved in like that is more than I know. I'm sure we timbered it good."

There was only one thing to do—turn back. Fifteen minutes more and they were on the surface, making their plans; projects which entailed work from morning until night for many a day to come. Harry reached for a new ax and indicated another.

"We'll cut 'em first," he announced. And thus began the weeks of effort, weeks in which they worked with crude appliances; weeks in which they

timbers into the tunnel and then lowered them down the shaft to the drift, two hundred feet below, only to follow them in their counterbalanced bucket and laboriously pile them along the sides of the drift; there to await use later on. Weeks in which they worked in mud and slime, as they shoveled out the muck and with their gad hooks tore down loose portions of the hanging wall to form a roadbed for their new train.

It was a slow, galling progress, but they kept at it. Gradually the train line began to take shape, placed together from old portions of the track which still lay in the drift and supplemented by others bought cheaply at that graveyard of miner's hopes—the Junk yard in Ohadi. "At last it was finished; the work of moving the heavy timbers became easier now as they were shunted onto the small train truck from which the body had been dismantled and trundled along the rails to the cave-in, there to be piled in readiness for their use. And finally—

A pick swung in the air, to give forth a chunky, snacking sound, as it struck, water-softened, spongy wood. The attack against the cave-in had begun. A foot at a time they tore away the old, broken, sylistered timbers and the rocky refuse which lay piled behind each shivered beam; only to stop, carry away the muck, and then rebuild. Cold and damp, in the moist air of the tunnel they labored, but there was a joy in it all. Down here they could forget Squint Rodaine and his chafy-faced son; down here they could feel that they were working toward a goal and lay aside the handicap which humans might put in their path.

Day after day of labor and the indentation upon the cave-in grew from a matter of feet to one of yards. A week. Two. Then, as Harry swung his pick, he lurches forward and went to his knees. "I've gone through!" he announced in happy surprise. "I've gone through. We're at the end of it!"

Up went Fairchild's carbide. Where the pick still hung in the rocky mass, a tiny hole showed, darker than the surrounding refuse. There was joy in Harry's voice as he made a momentary survey.

"It's fairly dry behind there," he announced. "Otherwise we'd have been scrambling around in water up to our necks. We're lucky there, any'ow."

Again the attack and again the hole widened. At last Harry straightened. "We can go in now," came finally. "Are you willing to go with me?"

"You mean—?"

But Harry stopped him.

"Let's don't talk about it till we 'ave to. Come on."

Silently they crawled through the opening, the silt and fine rock rattling about them as they did so, to come upon fairly dry earth on the other side, and to start forward. Suddenly, as they walked along, Harry took the lead, holding his lantern far ahead of him, with one big hand behind it, as though for a reflector. Then, just as suddenly, he turned.

"Let's go out," came shortly.

"Why?"

"It's there!" In the light of the lantern, Harry's face was white, his big lips held. "Let's go—"

But Fairchild stopped him.

"Harry," he said, and there was determination in his voice, "if it's there—we've got to face it. Don't you think that certain people would make an investigation if we should happen to quit the mine now?"

"The Rodaines?"

"Exactly. And how much worse would it be for them to tell the news than for us?"

"Nobody 'as to tell it—" Harry was staring at his carbide flare—"there's a wye."

"But we can't take it, Harry. In my father's letter was the statement that he made only one mistake—that of fear. I'm going to believe him—and in spite of what I find here, I'm going to hold him innocent, and I'm going to be fair and square and above-board about it all. There's nothing on my conscience—and I know that if my father had not made the mistake of running away when he did, there would have been nothing on his."

Harry shook his head.

"E couldn't do much else, Boy. Rodaine was stronger in some ways than than he is now. That was in different days. That was in times when Squint Rodaine could 'ave gotten a 'undred men together quicker'n a cat's wink and lynched a man without 'im 'aving a trial or anything. And if I'd been your father, I'd 'ave done the same as 'e did. I'd 'ave run, too—I'd 'ave paid for it with 'is life if 'e didn't, guilty or not guilty. And—" he looked sharply toward the younger man—"you say to go on?"

"Go on," said Fairchild, and he spoke the words between tightly clenched teeth. Harry turned his light

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THE CROSS-CUT

Continued from Page 2

before him, and once more shielded it with his big hand. A step—two, then:

"Look—there—over by the foot-wall!"

Fairchild forced his eyes in the direction designated and stared intently. At first it appeared only like a succession of disjointed, broken stones, lying in straggly fashion along the footwall of the drift where it widened into the slope, or upward slant on the vein. Then, it came forth clearer, the thin outlines of something which clutched at the heart of Robert Fairchild, which sickened him, which caused him to fight down a sudden, panicky desire to shield his eyes and to run—a heap of age-denuded bones, the scraps of a miner's costume still clinging to them, the heavy shoes protruding in comically tragic fashion over bony feet; a huddled, cramped skeleton of a human being!

"They could only stand and stare at it—this reminder of a tragedy of a quarter of a century ago. Their lips refused to utter the words that strove to travel past them; they were two men dumb, dumb through a discovery which they had forced themselves to face, through a fact which they hoped against, each more or less silently, yet felt sure must, sooner or later, come before them. And now it was here."

And this was the reason that twenty years before, Thornton Fairchild, white, grim, had sought the aid of Harry and of Mother Howard. This was the reason that a woman had played the part of a man, to all appearances only one of three disappointed miners seeking a new field. And yet—

"I know what you're thinking," it was Harry's voice, strangely hoarse and weak. "I'm thinking the same thing. But it isn't so. Dead men don't always mean they've died—in a way to cast reflections on the man that was with 'em. Do you get what I mean? You've said—'and he looked hard into the cramped, suffering face of Robert Fairchild—'that you were going to 'old your father innocent. So 'in I. We don't know, Boy, what went on 'ere. And we've got to 'ope for the best."

Then, while Fairchild stood motionless and silent, the big Cornishman forced himself forward, to stoop by the side of the heap of bones which once had represented a man, to touch gingerly the clothing, and then to bend nearer and hold his carbide close to some object which Fairchild could not see. At last he rose and with old, white features, approached his partner.

"The appearances are against us," came quietly. "There's a 'ole in 'is skull that a jury'll say was made by a single jack. I'll bet 'im like some one 'nd killed 'im, and then caved in the mine with a box of powder. But 'e's gone, Boy—your father—I mean, 'E can't defend 'imself. We've got to take 'is part."

"Maybe—" Fairchild was grasping at the final straw—"maybe it's not the person we believe it to be at all. It might be somebody else—who had come in here and set off a charge of powder by accident and—"

But the shaking of Harry's head stifled the momentary ray of hope.

"No. I looked. There was a watch—all covered with mold and mildew. I pried it open. It's got Larsen's name inside!"

CHAPTER XII.

Again there was a long moment of silence, while Harry stood pawing at his mustache and while Robert Fairchild sought to summon the strength to do the thing which was before him. All the suddenness of the old days had come back to him, ghosts which would not be driven away; memories of a time when he was the grubbing, though willing slave of a victim of fear—of a man whose life had been wrecked through terror of the day when intruders would break their way through the debris, and when the discovery would be made. And it had remained for Robert Fairchild, the son, to find the hidden secret, for him to come upon the thing which had caused the agony of nearly thirty years of suffering, for him to face the alternative of again placing that gruesome find into hiding, or to square his shoulders before the world and take the consequences.

There was no time to lose in making his decision. Beside him stood Harry, silent, morose. Before him—Fairchild closed his eyes in an attempt to shut out the sight of it. But still it was there, the crumpled heap of tattered clothing and human remains, the awry, heavy shoes still shielding the fleshless bones of the feet. He turned blindly, his hands groping before him.

"Harry," he called, "Harry! Get me out of here—I can't stand it!" Wordlessly the big man came to his side. Wordlessly they made the trip back to the hole in the cave-in and then followed the trail of new-laid track to the shaft. Up—up—the trip seemed endless as they jerked and pulled on the weighted rope, that

their shaft bucket might travel to the surface. Then, at the mouth of the tunnel, Robert Fairchild stood for a long time staring out over the soft hills and the radiance of the snowy range, far away. It gave him a new strength, a new determination. His eyes brightened with resolution. Then he turned to the faithful Harry, waiting in the background.

"There's no use trying to evade anything, Harry. We've got to face the music. Will you go with me to notify the coroner—or would you rather stay here?"

"I'll go."

Silently they trudged into town and to the little undertaking shop which also served as the office of the coroner. They made their report, then accompanied the officer, together with the sheriff, back to the mine and into the drift. There once more they clambered through the hole in the cave-in and on toward the beginning of the slope. And there they pointed out their discovery.

"A wall for the remainder of that day—a day that seemed ages long, a day in which Robert Fairchild found himself facing the editor of the Bugle, and telling his story, Harry beside him. But he told only what he had found, nothing of the past, nothing of the white-haired man who had waited by the window, cringing at the slightest sound on the old, vine-clad veranda, nothing of the letter which he had found in the dusty safe. Nothing was asked regarding that; nothing could be gained by telling it. In the heart of Robert Fairchild was the conviction that somehow, some way, his father was innocent, and in his brain was a determination to fight for that innocence as long as it was humanly possible. But gossip told what he did not.

There were those who remembered the departure of Thornton Fairchild from Ochal. There were others who recollected perfectly that in the center of the rig was a man, apparently "Sissie" Larsen. And they asked questions. They cornered Harry, they shot their queries at him one after another. But Harry was adamant.

"I ain't got anything to say! And there's an end to it!"

Late that night, as they were engaged at their usual occupation of watching the varied happenings of the day to Mother Howard, there came a knock at the door. Instinctively, Fairchild bent toward her:

"Your name's out of this—as long as possible."

She smiled in her mothering, knowing way. Then she opened the door, there to find a deputy from the sheriff's office.

"They've impaneled a jury up at the courthouse," he announced. "The coroner wants Mr. Fairchild and Mr. Harkins to come up there and tell what they know about this here skeleton they found."

It was the expected. The two men went forth, to find the street about the courthouse thronged, for already the news of the finding of the skeleton had traveled far, even into the little mining camps which skirted the town. Everywhere were black crowds under the faint street lamps. The basement of the courthouse was illuminated; and there were clusters of curious persons about the stairways. Through the throngs started Harry and Fairchild, only to be drawn aside by Farrell, the attorney.

"I'm not going to take a part in this unless I have to," he told them. "It will look better for you if it isn't necessary for me to make an appearance. How do you know but what Thornton Fairchild was attacked by this man and forced to kill in self-defense? It's a penitentiary offense for a man to strike another, without sufficient justification, beneath ground. And had Sissie Larsen even so much as slapped Thornton Fairchild, that man would have been perfectly justified in killing him to protect himself. Guide yourselves accordingly—and I will be there only as a spectator, unless events should necessitate something else."

They premised and went on, somewhat calmer in mind, to edge their way to the steps and to enter the basement of the courthouse. The coroner and his jury, composed of six miners picked up haphazard along the street—according to the custom of coroners in general—were already present. So was every person who possibly could cram through the doors of the big room. To them all Fairchild paid little attention—all but three.

They were on a back seat in the long courtroom—Squire Rodaine and his son, chalkier, yet blacker than ever, while between them sat an old woman with white hair which straggled about her cheeks, a woman with deep-set eyes, whose hands wandered now and then vaguely before her; a wrinkled woman, fidgeting about on her seat, watching with craned neck those who stood there way within the already crammed room, her eyes never still, her lips moving constantly, as though murmuring some never-ending rote. Fairchild stared at her, then turned to Harry.

"Who's that with the Rodaines?"

Harry looked furtively. "Crazy Laura—his wife."

"But—"

"And she ain't 'ere for anything good!" Harry's voice bore a tone of nervousness. "Squire Rodaine don't even recognize 'er on the street—much less appear in company with 'er. Something's 'appening!"

"But what could she testify to?"

"Ow should I know?" Harry said it almost petulantly. "I didn't even know she—"

"Oyez, oyez, oyez!" It was the bailiff, using a regular district-court introduction of the fact that an inquiry was about to be held. The crowded room sighed and settled. The coroner stepped forward.

"We are gathered here tonight to inquire into the death of a man supposed to be L. A. Larsen, commonly called 'Sissie,' whose skeleton was found today in the Blue Poppy mine. As sworn and true members of the coroner's jury, I charge and command



Crazy Laura.

you in the great name of the sovereign state of Colorado, to do your full duty in arriving at your verdict."

The jury, half risen from the chairs, some with their left hands held high above their heads, some with their right, swore in murmuring tones to do their duty, whatever that might be. The coroner surveyed the assemblage.

"First witness," he called out; "Harry Harkins!"

Harry went forward, clumsily seeking the witness chair. He was questioned regarding nothing more than the mere finding of the body, the identification by means of the watch, and the notification of the coroner. Fairchild was called, to suffer no more from the queries of the investigator than Harry. There was a pause. It seemed that the inquest was over. A few people began to move toward the door—only to halt. The coroner's voice had sounded again:

"Mrs. Laura Rodaine!"

Prod to her feet by the squint-eyed man beside her, she rose and, laughing in silly fashion, stumbled to the aisle, her straying hair, her ragged clothing, her big shoes and shuffling gait all blending with the wild, eerie look of her eyes, the constant munching of the almost toothless mouth. Again she laughed, in a vacant, embarrassing manner, as she reached the stand and held up her hand for the administration of the oath. Fairchild leaned close to his partner.

"At least she knows enough for that."

Harry nodded.

"She knows a lot, that old girl. They say she writes down in a book everything she does every day. But what can she be 'ere to testify to?"

The answer seemed to come in the questioning voice of the coroner.

"Your name, please?"

"Laura Rodaine. Least, that's the name I go by. My real maiden name is Laura Masterson, and—"

"Rodaine will be sufficient. Your age?"

"I think it's sixty-four. If I had my book I could tell."

"Your book?"

"Yes, I keep everything in a book. But it isn't here. I couldn't bring it."

"The guess will be sufficient in this case. You've lived here a good many years, Mrs. Rodaine?"

"Yes, around thirty-five. Let's see—yes, I'm sure it's thirty-five. My boy was born here—he's about thirty and we came here five years before that."

"I believe you told me tonight that you have a habit of wandering around the hills?"

"Yes, I've done that—I do it right along—I've done it ever since my husband and I split up—that was just a little while after the boy was born."

"Sufficient. I merely wanted to establish that fact. In wandering about, did you ever see anything, twenty-three or four years ago or so, that would lead you to know something of the death of the man into whose demise we are inquiring?"

"I know something. I know a lot. But I've never figured it was anybody's business but my own. So I haven't told it. But I remember—"

"What, Mrs. Rodaine?"

"The day Sissie Larsen was supposed to leave town—that was the day he got killed."

"Do you remember the date?"

"No—I don't remember that."

"Would it be in your book?"

"No—no—it wouldn't be in my book. I looked."

"But you remember?"

"Just like as if it was yesterday."

"And what you saw—did it give you any idea?"

"I know what I saw."

"And did it lead to any conclusion?"

"Yes."

"What, may I ask?"

"That somebody had been murdered."

"Who—and by whom?"

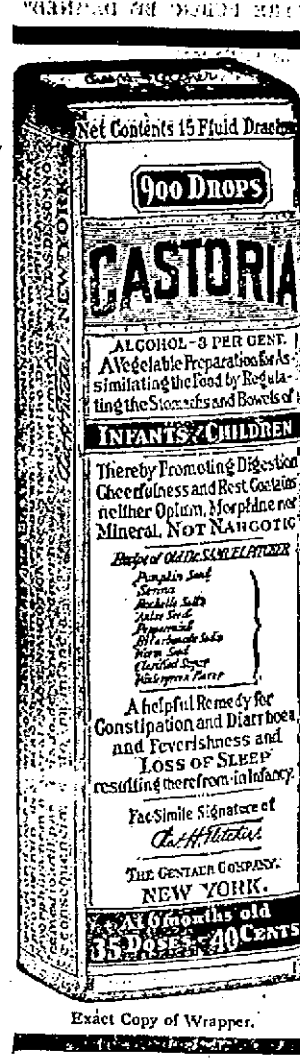
Crazy Laura munched at her toothless gums for a moment and looked again toward her husband. Then, her watery, almost colorless eyes searching, she began a survey of the big room, looking intently from one figure to another. On and on—finally to reach the spot where stood Robert Fairchild and Harry, and there they stopped. A lean finger, knotted by rheumatism, darkened by sun and wind, stretched out.

"Yes, I know who did it, and I know who got killed. It was 'Sissie' Larsen—he was murdered. The man who did it was a fellow named Thornton Fairchild who owned the mine—if I ain't mistaken, he was the father of this young man—"

"I object!" Farrell, the attorney, was on his feet and struggling forward, jamming his horn-rimmed glasses into a pocket as he did so. "This has ceased to be an inquest; it has resolved itself into some sort of an inquisition!"

"I fail to see why." The coroner had stepped down and was facing him.

"Why? Why—you're inquiring into



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of
J. C. H. Fletcher**

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INFANTS & CHILDREN
Thereby Promoting Digestion
Cheerfulness and Best Condition
Neither Opium, Morphine nor
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Beware of cheap imitations
Painful Cuts
Rash
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Pain
Indigestion
Flatulence
The Centaur Company, New York City
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

a death that happened more than twenty years ago—and you're basing that inquiry upon the word of a woman who is not legally able to give testimony in any kind of a court or on any kind of a case! Have you any further evidence upon the lines that she is directly to give?"

"Not going to."

"Then I demand that all the testimony which this woman has given be stricken out and the jury instructed to disregard it."

The official smiled.

"I think otherwise. The jury is entitled to all the evidence that has any bearing on the case."

"But this woman is crazy!"

"Has she ever been adjudged so, or committed to any asylum for the insane?"

"No—but nevertheless, there are a hundred persons in this courtroom who will testify to the fact that she is mentally unbalanced and not a fit person to fasten a crime upon any man's head by her testimony. And referring even to yourself, Coroner, have you within the last twenty-five years. In fact, since a short time after the birth of her son, called her anything else but Crazy Laura? Has anyone else in this town called her any other name? Man, I appeal to you—"

"What you say may be true. It may not. I don't know. I only am sure of one thing—that a person is sane in the eyes of the law until adjudged otherwise. Therefore, her evidence at this time is perfectly legal and proper."

"It won't be as soon as I can bring an action before a lunacy court and cause her examination by a board of alienists."

"That's something for the future. In that case things might be different. But I can only follow the law, with the members of the jury instructed, of course, to accept the evidence for what they deem it is worth. You will proceed, Mrs. Rodaine. What did you see that caused you to come to this conclusion?"

"Can't you even stick to the rules and ethics of testimony?" It was the final plea of the defeated Farrell. The coroner eyed him slowly.

"Mr. Farrell," came his answer, "I must confess to a deviation from regular court procedure in this inquiry. It is customary in an inquest of this character; certain departures from the usual rules must be made that the truth and the whole truth be learned. Proceed, Mrs. Rodaine, what was it you saw?"

Transfixed, horrified, Fairchild watched the mumbling, manching mouth, the staring eyes and straying white hair, the bony, crooked hands as they weaved before her. From those toothless jaws a story was about to come, true or untrue, a story that would stain the name of his father with murder. And that story now was at its beginning.

"I saw them together that afternoon early," the old woman was saying. "I came up the road just behind them, and they were fussing. Both of 'em acted like they were mad at each other, but Fairchild seemed to be the maddest."

"I didn't pay much attention to them because I just thought they were fighting about some little thing and that it wouldn't amount to much. I went on up the gully—I was gathering flowers. After awhile the earth shook and I heard a big explosion, from away down underneath me—like thunder when it's far away. Then, pretty soon, I saw Fairchild come rushing out of the mine, and his hands were all bloody. He ran to the creek and washed them, looking around to see if anybody was watching him—but he didn't notice me. Then, when he'd washed the blood from his hands, he got up on the road and went down into town. Later on, I thought I saw all three of 'em leave town, Fairchild, Sissie and a fellow named Harkins. So I never paid any more attention to it until today. That's all I know."

She stepped down then and went back to her seat with Squire Rodaine and the son, sitting there again,

craning her neck as before, while Fairchild, son of a man just accused of murder, watched her with eyes fascinated from horror. The coroner looked at a slip of paper in his hand.

"William Barton," he called. A miner came forward, to go through the usual formalities, and then he asked the question:

"Did you see Thornton Fairchild on the night he left Ochal?"

"Yes, a lot of us saw him. He drove out of town with Harry Harkins, and a fellow who we all thought was Sissie Larsen."

"That's all. Gentlemen of the jury," he turned his back on the crowded room and faced the small, worried appearing group on the row of kitchen chairs, "you have heard the evidence. You will find a room at the right in which to conduct your deliberations."

Shuffling forms faded through the door at the right. Then followed long moments of waiting, in which Robert Fairchild's eyes went to the floor, in which he strove to avoid the gaze of



"We, the Jury, Find That the Deceased Came to His Death From Injuries Sustained at the Hands of Thornton Fairchild."

every one in the crowded courtroom. He knew what they were thinking, that his father had been a murderer, and that he—well, that he was blood of his father's blood. He could hear the buzzing of tongues, the shifting of the courtroom on the unstable chairs, and he knew fingers were pointing at him. For once in his life he had not the strength to face his fellow men.

A quarter of an hour—a knock on the door—then the six men clustered forth again, to hand a piece of paper to the coroner. And he, adjusting his glasses, turned to the courtroom and read:

"We, the jury, find that the deceased came to his death from injuries sustained at the hands of Thornton Fairchild, in or about the month of June, 1892."

That was all, but it was enough. The stain had been placed; the thing which the white-haired man who had sat by a window back in Indianapolis had feared all his life had come after death.

It seemed hours before the courtroom cleared. Then, the attorney at one side, Harry at the other, he started out of the courtroom.

The crowd still was on the street, mulling, creaking, dividing itself into little groups to discuss the verdict. Through them shot scrambling forms of newboys. Dazedly, simply for the sake of something to take his mind from the throngs and the gossip about him, Fairchild bought a paper and stepped to the light to glance over the first page. There, emblazoned under the "Extra" heading, was the story of the finding of the skeleton in the Blue Poppy mine, while beside it was something which caused Robert Fairchild to almost forget, for the moment, the horrors of the ordeal which he

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Fall and Winter Woolens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics at 4 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 26. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

was undergoing. It was a paragraph leading the "personal" column of the small, amateurish sheet, announcing the engagement of Miss Anita Natalia Richmond to Mr. Maurice Rodaine, the wedding to come "probably in the late fall!"

(To be continued)

RULERS IN EXILE

Trouble-Making Monarchs Who Were "Set Down."

Case of the Late Emperor of Austria and That of the Great Napoleon Similar.

Banishment of trouble-making former monarchs to islands of the sea far from their one-time dominions is an uncommon procedure, but precedent for the plight of former Emperor Charles of Austria-Hungary, who was recently exiled to Madeira, is found in the banishment of Napoleon I, who passed six years on St. Helena in the South Atlantic, 700 miles from the nearest land, a prisoner, more than a century ago.

St. Helena is not only much smaller than Madeira, but, compared to the latter, is as "a devil's island" to paradise. Five-sixths of its area is devoid of vegetation and, aside from an army garrison, there are no big towns or other evidences of life.

Madiera, five times the size of St. Helena, is an ocean garden spot. Funchal, its chief city, has a population of more than 20,000, and the island, one of a group of four owned by Portugal, produces some of the most famous wine and laces in the world, as well as an abundance of fruits, grains and sugar. Oxen are mainly used for agriculture, instead of draft horses, and other farming methods are primitive. Less than 2 per cent of the people can read and write.

The Portuguese military garrison is very small, and Charles, Zita and their six small children had every freedom except that of an unchaperoned ocean voyage. Napoleon was guarded day and night by soldiers.

Madiera, the Portuguese word for "forest," is directly in the Atlantic ocean trade routes. St. Helena, a British naval coaling station, often doesn't see a ship for days. Madiera is a port of call and thus is kept in daily touch with the outside world. The island, 400 miles west of Morocco, has a temperate climate. It is 12 miles wide and 35 miles long and elliptical in shape. Three flying islands nearby complete the Madiera group. They are Porto Santos, which, with Madiera, have a population of 170,000, and the Desertas and Selvagens, two smaller islands of volcanic origin. The latter are uninhabited rock formations jutting out of the sea.

Napoleon's banishment in 1814 was no less bitter than Charles'. The former Empress Josephine had died and his living consort, Marie Louise, with her son, the little prince of Rome, had gone from Fontainebleau to Vienna following the emperor's abdication. Meanwhile the Allied powers had ceded to Napoleon the island of Elba in the Mediterranean, and there as a "sovereign" he might have passed the rest of his life in peace and tranquility. Eleven months of retirement, however, sufficed to spur him to escape and new adventures.

He had been brought to Elba aboard the British warship "Dauntless" on April 20, with royal dignity and consideration. On the night of Feb. 26, 1815, with 1,000 followers he slipped out of Porto Ferrajo and then began the famous "One Hundred Days" in which he sought to regain the throne of France. He gathered strength in men and guns as he crossed the Alps and marched on Paris, but his reign as a "constitutional monarch" was of short duration. Great Britain, Russia, Austria and Prussia declared him an outlaw and raised 150,000 troops to crush him. The last battle of Waterloo the following June saw the end of his power.

The former emperor threw himself upon the mercy of the British, falling in an effort to flee to the United States. He made overtures to Captain Maitland of the warship Bellerophon, who took him to Plymouth, Eng., pending disposition of his case by the Allied powers. It was finally decided to send him to St. Helena and there, guarded by a strong British force, he landed on October 17, 1815.

For six years he lived in practical solitude, writing his memoirs and monographs on military campaigns and political affairs, dying on May 5, 1821, of a cancer which had been aggravated by deep periods of hatred and depression. The British General Wilkes, the first governor of St. Helena, proved too lenient with Napoleon and "too amenable to his influence," and, as a result, was displaced some years before the Corsican's death, by Sir Hudson Lowe.

The Ridegreen.

"When he married her, she settled a sedan, a special touring car and a racer on him." "Sort of a marriage of convenience, wasn't it?"—Life.

Keeps a Man Busy.

It keeps a man busy these days thinking and scheming how to avoid stepping on the rug that his wife has placed on the floor to be locked at.

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

HERBERT M. LORD

Succeeded General Dawes
as Director of Budget

The most recent portrait of the new director of the budget, former Brigadier, Herbert M. Lord. This is the first portrait to be made of Director Lord in civilian clothes since he took up his duties succeeding General Dawes.

LORD NORTHCLEFFE DIES
AFTER LONG ILLNESS

Noted English Publicist Is Victim of Heart Trouble, But Succumbs in Peace.

London.—Viscount Northcliffe, noted British publicist, is dead.

News of Lord Northcliffe's death was given out by the doctors who have been attending him in this bulletin:

"Viscount Northcliffe died at 10:02 o'clock. The end was perfectly peaceful."

The death of no other unofficial person could have made a deeper impression in England than that of Lord Northcliffe. The news was not a surprise, as the bulletins issued by the doctors for the last week plainly indicated that their patient was dying.

Lord Northcliffe was by far the most noted figure in British journalism, and the first question on everyone's lips was as to what effect his death will have on the policies of the Times and his other newspapers, which since the end of the war have strongly opposed the Lloyd George administration and its principles, with the notable exception of its dealings with Ireland, which the Northcliffe press supported throughout.

The medical terms used in giving the cause of Lord Northcliffe's death were ulcerative endocarditis, streptococcal septicemia and terminal syncope.

This, in popular parlance, means an inflammation of the lining membrane of the heart, with consequent infection of the blood, and sudden failure of the heart due to fainting.

Alfred Charles William Harmsworth, first Viscount Northcliffe of St. Peter in the County of Kent, was a commanding figure in Great Britain for many years. He was the most conspicuous newspaper man in the empire, and indeed one of the greatest in the world.

WORLD'S NEWS IN
CONDENSED FORM

NEW YORK.—Twenty thousand maintenance of way employees of the Pennsylvania and Erie Railroads in the metropolitan district telegraphed their national president demanding that a strike call be issued at once.

CLEVELAND, O.—Louis Yahn, twenty-one years old, of Newark, N. J., and James Ray, twenty-one, mechanic and adviser at the Medina Aviation Club, were killed when their airplane went into a tail spin and fell about 200 feet as they were preparing to land at Chippewa Lake, near Medina, O. Yahn was visiting Ray, his lifelong friend.

PARIS.—Harold F. McCormick married Ganna Walska here.

DETROIT.—Lindner put in near-beer to give it a "kick" is responsible for an increasing number of deaths in the Middle West. Charles A. Gregory, Federal prohibition director for Chicago, told a conference of prohibition officers.

SALT LAKE CITY.—United States Senator William H. King, of Utah, was renominated as the party candidate for the November election at the Democratic State convention here. King won on the first ballot and the choice was unanimous.

LONDON.—That ratified copy of the Washington treaties was signed by King George.

LONDON.—Dunn and O'Sullivan, murderers of Sir Henry Wilson, were hanged in Wandsworth Jail.

PEKING.—Deaths in the typhoon of August 2 at Swatow, a seaport 250 miles northeast of Hongkong, now are estimated at 50,000.

CLEVELAND.—Actual drafting of a new wage scale, which will form the basis of the return to work of the 60,000 union coal miners who have been on strike since March 31, was begun here.

More than a million ballots will be printed for the Maine biennial state election which will be held on the second Monday of September. This is double the usual amount, the extra ballots being for a referendum to settle the question of a full-time state highway commission.

PRESIDENT'S RAIL
MEDIATION FAILS

Executives Make Public Proposal to Reinstate Strikers and Re-fer Seniority to Board.

PEACE BLOCKED ONCE MORE

Railroads Ask "Hands Off"—Indicate They Expect Fight to Finish in Their Answer to the President—Big Four in Conference.

Washington.—President Harding's plan for a settlement of the railway strike through return of the strikers to work and submission of the seniority issue to the Railroad Labor Board has failed. The railroad executives generally accepted the President's proposal, but it was rejected by the representatives of the striking shopmen. The President is understood to have abandoned hope of adjusting the rail strike through action on his part as a voluntary mediator, certainly for the time being, on account of the persistent stand taken by the labor union leaders.

The committee headed by T. De Witt Cuyler, representing the railway executives, left Washington for New York after a final conference with the President. If desired by the President, they are willing to return to Washington at any time.

The labor leaders remained in Washington and engaged in a series of conferences without, however, indicating in any way their willingness to accept the President's plan or any other proposal for arbitration of the seniority issue. The labor leaders say they will remain in Washington while the house is in session, or the President sends for them.

The situation, in brief, is as follows:

First—The President's peace proposal of August 7 was rejected by the representatives of the striking shopmen and the President was so informed during conferences at the White House with those who represented them.

Second—The railway executives notified the President that the great majority of the railroads of the country had accepted his proposal unconditionally, while those in the minority also accepted it to the extent of putting as many of the strikers as possible back to work and leaving the seniority issue to the Railroad Labor Board.

Third—The President asked the executives' committee to confer with representatives of the four brotherhoods as spokesmen for the railroad shop union leaders in an effort to find a basis of agreement.

Fourth—On learning from the railway executives that the conference with the brotherhood leaders was a failure, the President authorized the railway presidents' committee to make public the text of their resolutions of acceptance and indicated his disappointment at the failure of the strikers to accept.

The majority report of the railway presidents informed him that roads having a mileage of 151,824 miles had decided to accept the Presidential proposal to assign all their striking workmen to jobs, leaving the disputed question of seniority to the Railroad Labor Board for decision.

Howard Elliott, chairman of the board of the Northwestern Pacific system, headed the subcommittee of five which handed in this report, which was signed by Mr. Elliott, A. H. Smith, president of the New York Central, Hale Holden, president of the Burlington, Julius Kruttschnitt, chairman of the Southern Pacific, and C. H. Markham, president of the Illinois Central.

The minority report, presented by W. W. Atterbury, vice president of the Pennsylvania system, informed the President that the other railroads, having a mileage of 57,222 miles, were willing to assign strikers to their respective roads to their former positions wherever vacancies existed and likewise would agree to refer questions of seniority to the Railroad Labor Board.

President Harding is understood to have been pleased with the replies of the railway presidents. He was disappointed with the rejection of the peace plan by the representatives of the unions, but hopeful that they would swing into line for peace and meet the railway presidents half way.

GRIFFITH, SINN FEINER, DEAD

Cerebral Hemorrhage Fatal to Head of Irish Free State.

Dublin.—Arthur Griffith, president of the Dail Eireann, died in St. Vincent's Hospital after collapsing in the hallway when he made an attempt to start for business at his office. Cerebral hemorrhage was the immediate cause of the Free State leader's demise, although he had been suffering from influenza for about a fortnight. An operation was performed a few days before for tonsillitis.

TIGERS KILL EIGHT

Driven From Mexican Mountains by Hunger They Attack Travelers.

Mexico City.—A pack of tigers, driven from their mountain lairs by hunger, attacked three families who were traveling from Puerto Vallarta to Mascota, State of Jalisco, killing three women, two men, two small boys and a baby, according to El Universal Grafico.

Natives who went to the rescue fought the tigers, killing one of them. The remainder escaped.

Living models wearing funeral gowns were a feature of the session of the convention of the Maine Undertakers' Association at Augusta, Me. The object of this exhibition was to show the funeral directors as well as the general public the most modern tendencies in this important part of the funeral.

SIR RENNELL RODD

Great Britain's Representative on Warfare Laws Revision



Sir Rennell Rodd is Great Britain's chief delegate on the international commission to revise the laws of warfare.

CONFERENCE OF ALLIES
ENDS IN DISCORD

London Meeting Agrees Only to Disagree on Question of Moratorium for Germany.

London.—The thirteenth allied conference on German reparations broke down, "agreeing to disagree," as the spokesman for both France and Great Britain put it, there having been a complete lack of unanimity on the important points discussed.

From its commencement the conference seemed predestined to failure, according to the view expressed by close observers of the situation, and these observers are of the opinion that the failure indicates utter incompatibility between the policies of Great Britain and France toward Germany.

To what extent the recent note of the Earl of Balfour contributed to the results is partly evidenced by the line of the eleventh hour attempt by Signor Schanzer, the leading Italian delegate, at mediation with Premier Lloyd George at Chequers Court Sunday, when the Italian Foreign Minister proposed that discussion of a moratorium for Germany and cognate matters should be adjourned until after the various countries had carried out their debt-funding negotiations with the United States.

Lloyd George submitted this proposition to the conference, but, although it was supported by the other delegates, it was opposed by Premier Poincare, and thereupon Lloyd George declared he was unable to agree to an adjournment of the conference without a moratorium.

What will happen now is the question of most of the observers of the situation. M. Poincare says he does not know; that he is not prepared to talk of what France can or might do until he has reflected and taken counsel with the French cabinet.

LATEST EVENTS
AT WASHINGTON

Fight to finish in railway shopmen's strike is indicated.

Assistant Secretary of Navy Roosevelt announces favorable progress of negotiations for retention of Hockaway, L. I., air station.

Senate agrees to a final vote on tariff bill August 19. Passage regarded as sure.

President grants request of Western Union Cable Company to open Miami-Barbados cable to increase facilities with Europe.

Coal production jumps half million tons in week, Geological Survey announces.

Administration spokesman says coal situation is practically solved and settlement of anthracite controversy is assured.

Capt. Henry H. Hough of the United States navy was nominated by President Harding to be governor of the Virgin Islands.

The senate adopted the provisions in the Fordney-McCumber tariff bill embodying President Harding's recommendations for elasticity of rates after making many vital changes. Having limited the operation of its provision to July 1, 1924, the section was adopted by a vote of 36 to 20.

Republican leaders in the senate have fixed upon Saturday, August 19, as the day for the final vote on passage of the tariff bill.

Inquiry is to be started as to what action can be taken to insure coal price control in districts where the operators are not co-operating with the Federal government, Secretary Hoover announced.

Opposition to the granting of unlimited authority to the President to increase or decrease rates of duty was apparent when the senate considered the flexible tariff provisions of the McCumber bill.

The trial of Max Mitchell, president of the closed Cosmopolitan Trust Company, Boston has been assigned to start in the superior criminal court Oct. 2. Mitchell is charged with larceny and conversion of funds in 51 counts. His trial will follow that of Charles Ponzi, whose trial is set for Sept. 18.

SEVEN BILLION
CROP INDICATED

This Is Based on August Prices and Exceeds 1921 Figure by \$1,200,000,000.

CORN YIELDS \$1,942,948,000

Estimate for Wheat is \$781,655,000, Hay \$1,078,980,000 and Potatoes \$505,120,000—Big Increase for Cotton—Figure Put at \$1,179,900,000.

Washington.—The bumper production of the nation's crops forecast by the government's August crop report will add almost exactly \$1,200,000,000 to the value of this year's farm products compared with those of 1921. Seventeen of these crops, if they meet expectations, would be worth \$7,134,634,000 on the basis of August market prices. The same seventeen crops last year were worth \$5,935,861,500 on the basis of the August figures of last year. The crops for which this estimate of value is made are those of wheat, corn, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat white and sweet potatoes, flax, hay, wild hay, cotton, apples, peaches, peanuts, sorghums and tobacco. It does not include sugar beets, rice, vegetables and other crops.

These figures are predicated upon no setback in the condition of crops, which have had remarkably favorable growing conditions this summer, and are based on the value of farm products at the beginning of August, compared with the worth of the same kinds of crops one year ago.

The most valuable of this year's crops is corn. The department estimates that there will be 3,017,000,000 bushels of corn. On the basis of the present average market price of 61.4 cents a bushel, this crop alone will be worth \$1,842,018,000. The production of corn last year was 3,080,000,000 bushels which, at 61.7 cents a bushel, was worth \$1,890,000,000. Only four times before has the American corn crop gone above the 3,000,000,000-bushel mark. That was first accomplished in 1912, when the yield was 3,124,748,000 bushels. In 1917, also in 1920 and 1921 it was again achieved.

Here is the estimated value of the estimated crops for the seventeen principal crops covered in the announcement by the Department of Agriculture for the year 1922, based on August, 1922, figures, as compared with the 1921 yield and the August market values of that year:

Crops	1922	1921
Wheat	\$781,655,000	\$781,655,000
Corn	1,842,018,000	1,890,000,000
Oats	437,850,000	351,614,000
Barley	85,424,000	71,891,000
Rye	56,226,000	46,139,500
Buckwheat	13,206,000	45,043,000
White potatoes	595,120,000	475,043,000
Sweet potatoes	143,505,000	118,151,000
Flax	23,089,000	11,175,100
Hay	1,078,980,000	1,017,522,000
Wild hay	132,036,000	116,554,000
Cotton	1,179,900,000	923,000,000
Apples	269,572,000	167,547,000
Peaches	90,334,000	80,311,000
Peanuts	29,876,000	31,079,000
Grain sorghum	93,315,000	78,650,000
Tobacco	285,000,000	215,000,000
Total (17 crops)	\$7,134,634,000	\$5,935,861,500

Corn, wheat, hay and cotton are the big money crops in this group of farm products. The value of the cotton is estimated on the basis of the present August figures of 20.7 cents a pound, while the value given for last year is estimated on the basis of 9.8 cents a pound, the price of cotton being more than double what it was a year ago. If the price of wheat were now higher the value of this year's wheat crop in prospect would be much higher. The wheat crop yield for 1922 is estimated at 805,000,000 bushels, as compared with a yield of 795,000,000 bushels last year but the August average price for wheat is 61.7 cents a bushel, while in August of 1921 the price was 59.4 cents a bushel.

While there has been a considerably larger yield of rye, the value on the basis of this August's figures for the increased crop is about the same as that for last year's smaller crop on last August's higher figures. The production of rye in 1922 is estimated as 70,000,000 bushels, compared with a production of only 57,000,000 last year, but the average price this August is only 70.5 cents a bushel, compared with a price of 68.1 cents a bushel in August, 1921.

There is not much difference between this month's prices of oats, barley and peanuts compared with those of last August.

The first case of osteomyelitis, a rare disease diagnosed as inflammation of the gray matter of the spine, has been reported at Providence. A child, three years old, is the victim. She is at the Rhode Island State Hospital.

Itching Eczema
In Rash On Scalp
Cuticura Healed

"Eczema broke out on my scalp in a rash and itched and burned so that I could not help scratching, which made it worse. My hair was so dry and lifeless that I could not do anything with it. I tried all kinds of remedies without any relief. I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment which helped me so I bought more, and after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment was healed." (Signed) Miss Hattie Hall, 74 Anthony St., S. Seekonk, Mass., July 29, 1921.

Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal and Cuticura Talcum to powder and perfume are ideal for daily toilet purposes.

Savings Bank of Newport, Newport, R. I.

At the annual meeting of the corporation of the Savings Bank of Newport, R. I., held Friday, July 14, 1922, the following trustees were elected:

Wm. H. Hammett	Wm. P. Carr	Grant P. Taylor
Anthony Stewart	Wm. A. Sherman	Henry C. Stevens, Jr.
Peter King	Wm. W. Covell	T. T. Pitman
Wm. P. Buffum	Bradford Norman	Edward A. Sherman
	Wm. P. Sheffield, Jr.	

Wm. H. Hammett was elected President, W. A. Sherman, Vice President and W. P. Carr, Clerk.

At a meeting of the Trustees held immediately after the corporation meeting, the following officers were elected: Grant P. Taylor, Treasurer, Harry G. Wilks, Assistant Treasurer, and Abner L. Slocum, G. Harry Draper, Gertrude Hummell, Anna R. Hummell and Hazel S. Bailey, Clerks.

Wm. H. Hammett, W. P. Carr, W. A. Sherman, Bradford Norman and Anthony Stewart were elected the Standing Committee for the ensuing year.

W. P. Buffum and W. W. Covell were elected the Auditing Committee for the ensuing year.

W. M. P. CARR, Clerk.

HOW TO MAKE FINANCIAL PROGRESS

Work faithfully—save earnestly—and deposit regularly with The Industrial Trust Company, and you will make good financial progress.

Your account is invited.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

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THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST
COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS
Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

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NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Attended to

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods are Pure and Absolute

NEW ENGLAND NEWS
IN TABLOID FORM
News of General Interest
From the Six States

It is reported that the potato crop in the vicinity of York Beach, Me., has been nearly ruined by the terrible downpours experienced since last May. In the low lands the potato crop has suffered the greatest, on account of the lack of drainage.

Judge Hildreth is kept busy at York Beach, Me., by the number of speeders who are arrested daily by the state police. Ocean avenue at Short Sands proves to be a great temptation to the tourists and has been closely patrolled or watched by the motor cycle cops. As a result quite a number have found themselves before court. After the usual fine of \$10 and costs they are allowed to continue on their way.

Sixty dealers who ordinarily handle 348,858 tons of anthracite and 132,478 tons of soft coal now have on hand 8237 tons of the former and 2372 of the latter. All coal dealers or consumers other than householders are to make application to the State fuel administration, stating the amount required, the purpose for which it is to be used and giving other information. The application must be approved at Augusta and at Washington; then it will be forwarded to the Federal committee stationed at coal production fields, who will make the shipment.

15 MAINE LOCOMOTIVES BURN

Two Railroads and Terminal Company Suffer \$1,000,000 Loss.

Portland.—Fifteen locomotives of the Maine Central, Boston & Maine and Portland Terminal Company and a roundhouse were destroyed in a fire here. The damage is estimated at \$1,000,000. The police said they suspected incendiarism. A Boston & Maine official said that loss of the locomotives would seriously handicap the operation of trains on that road, but would not tie up any traffic.

JOHN W. DAVIS HEADS BAR

Former British Ambassador Heads Association.

San Francisco.—John W. Davis, of New York, former American ambassador to Great Britain, was named president of the American Bar Association at its annual convention here. Other candidates were Charles Thaddeus Terry, H. E. L. Sauer, and Paul H. Land.

Frederick E. Williams, of Albany, N. Y., was elected treasurer and W. Thomas Neap, of Baltimore, secretary.

Eliza's Courtship Plan

By JESSE DOUGLAS

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The preliminaries of courtship had progressed smoothly enough. Fred Titus had known Eliza Stone only a month; they had danced together, ridden together, motored together. Fred had called several times at the apartment where Eliza, with another young woman, lived in town with a distant cousin of age to act as chaperone. He had also spent the day at the Stone country place, where Eliza spent week-ends—this to give Eliza's parents and brothers and sisters an opportunity to say pleasant or unpleasant things about him. So far, so good. It seemed as if the test—pleasant little episode of making desperate love to Eliza and being accepted—would be supremely easy. "Eliza has a lot of funny notions," suggested Mrs. Gifford, who played the role of chaperone, one day when Fred dropped in the apartment on his way from a canter in the park before Eliza had come home from one of her lectures. "She likes men and she thinks a lot of you—it isn't that she is averse to marriage. But she takes herself seriously, or at least with a different sort of seriousness from that of girls when I was young."

This only served to spur Fred on to the final declaration of his love. He determined that the time should be that evening and the place, if Mrs. Gifford would have the good grace to leave them alone, would be the apartment where he was then sitting.

And Mrs. Gifford did make or find an excuse and pointedly remarked as she left Eliza and Fred together after Eliza had returned from lectures that she would not be back until half past six, and that Hazel, her other charge, would not be back until after dinner. So there was an hour and a half before them. Surely truth could be plighted in that time after, after all preliminaries had been so carefully attended to.

Eliza refused to be the least sentimental. As soon as he launched out on a definite proposal she seemed to command all her powers of reasoning.

"I've been doing a lot of thinking," Eliza began. "Of course it would be the easiest thing in the world to give in completely, yield to the natural inclination and promise to be yours forever."

"Then you love me—Eliza—please."

"Don't be foolish or impatient. I tell you I have been thinking a lot lately. Girls have the hardest roles to play in this question of choosing mates. A man goes ahead from the time he is a boy and searches out his natural bent and educates himself to that one goal in view. He wants to be a doctor, or he wants to be a financier, or he wants to build a house—and all his education is directed to that end. He marries and he goes right on being a doctor or financier or a carpenter and his wife lives in a realm of doctoring or financing or house building for the rest of her married life."

"But when a girl starts in to educate herself she has to look at the world that she would perhaps rather live in the realm of doctoring or financing than anything else, she had better not become too specialized, because, after all, the chances are that she will marry. To become too specialized rather units one for marriage—that is, unless one is lucky enough to marry a man who has specialized in the same way that she has. She always goes about with the feeling that she might marry a lawyer or a writer or a college professor and that she mustn't do anything that would unfit her for anything. So you see a girl wastes a lot of time and mental energy."

"I discovered this state of affairs some time ago," continued Eliza. "I decided that I really did want to marry; that I was best suited to a married life. But I also wanted to have something to do with doctoring. Every one tells me that my talents all lie in that direction. So, though I am not studying medicine for a degree, I have begun taking courses at the medical college. I am going to marry a doctor."

"But suppose the doctor doesn't turn up? That is, suppose you don't happen to fall in love with any of the doctors that want to marry you?"

Eliza smiled a little indulgently. "You put things so bluntly sometimes," said Eliza. "My point is that a woman ought to be specially educated to be a helpful and intelligent wife, and that it is easier to select a husband to suit your capabilities than to modify your capabilities to suit the first man you take a fancy to."

"That's certainly a very interesting theory," agreed Fred Titus. "And you are quite frank in explaining it instead of beating around the bush and keeping me in suspense." Fred held out his hand and said good-by. Obviously there was only one thing he wished to talk about, and that was seemingly taboo. He turned back after he had reached the threshold. "Any way, you have no personal objections—that is, if I happened to fit in with your scheme of activities you would give me a chance?"

Eliza looked reproachful. "You know I would, Fred," she said. "Please don't make me feel any worse about it than I do." After that, six months passed, but Fred Titus never called at the apartment or country home of Eliza Stone. From time to time he wrote to her so that she might not feel that he bore her any resentment. He preferred, he said, not to see her, since she had explained her plan to him.

Then, after the six months had passed and the mild days of spring were alternating with warm days of summer, Eliza returned to her apartment one day to find Fred Titus in the little reception room. The cousin had admitted him, but having an errand had left him alone in the apartment until Eliza's return from classes.

"Are you still sworn to your plan?" Fred asked her after the brief preliminaries of greeting.

"Why, yes," said Eliza, though Fred thought with not much conviction as she had shown six months before.

"Have you found your doctor?"

"No—that is, I haven't found any who appeal to me as possible husbands. But of course I'm ready to marry anyway. After I finish my lectures in medicine I intend to spend a year studying domestic science, so that I can keep house as I should. I want to learn to drive a car, for there will be times at the start when my husband cannot afford a chauffeur. I would like to take a course in dress-making, because at first doctors have small incomes and we can save so much if I would make my own dresses. It will all take a long time. But it is all part of my plan—I shall never give it up."

"Do you know that I too have a plan?" said Fred, bringing his chair nearer to Eliza. "I want you to let me explain it to you."

"I never imagined you had thought about such things," said Eliza. "That is, I thought you just took life as it came. You have enough money. I thought just keeping track of that was enough to keep you busy."

"Let me explain," interrupted Fred. "I think it is very important for a man to do the kind of work he is best suited for, but I think that very often he doesn't know what he is best suited for. Often it is chance, often he follows the work of his father before him. The important thing is to be thoroughly trained and to make up his mind to make a success. There's another important thing for a man, and that is to marry the girl he loves—especially," said Fred, looking very intently into the eyes of Eliza, "if that girl really loves him."

"Well," continued Fred, "you'd set your heart on marrying a doctor and I'd set my heart on marrying you. After you explained that I arranged my affairs so that I could neglect them a little and I started studying medicine. I have been working at medical college ever since. I have sometimes seen you in the extension lecture rooms. I've done extra work all winter to make up for lost time. I have still a good many years to go, but there is no rule in the medical college that a student should not marry before he graduates. And fortunately I can afford to marry when I choose. As far as you are concerned—you could cut out that course in dressmaking and housekeeping and motor driving. I guess we won't have to economize as much as that. I don't want you for a chauffeur or a cook or a housekeeper. Don't you think that I've gone half way? You wanted to marry a doctor and I've started out to be one so you could marry me instead of some one you might not love. And you do love me, don't you?"

"Love you—of course I do," said Eliza. But she didn't say that the reason she had taken courses in medicine and the facts behind all her little plan were that she thought Fred Titus ought not to content himself with merely looking after his own money, and that after careful consideration she had decided that what he was best suited for was the career of a doctor.

EXPLAIN SOME EXPRESSIONS

Few Persons Know Real Meaning of the Words They Are Making Use Of.

There are many expressions made use of by persons every day who little know the real meaning of the words they are making use of. Why, for instance, does a 1 mean "first rate" and why does "first rate" mean something of the highest degree of excellence? A 1 is derived from the symbol denoting ships in the best condition in "Lloyd's Registry of Shipping," and "first rate" is an allusion to a warship of the highest class. To have an axe to grind is from the American backwoodsman's practice of calling at houses ostensibly to grind an axe, but in reality to obtain a drink. Bogus: From Borgeuse, a swindler who about 1837 in Boston passed worthless securities. To take the cake: Allusion to the prize of a cake in negro cake-walking contests. The deuce: From the German "das daus." Possibly connected with the Celtic "dus," a wood demon. To mind one's P's and Q's: A reference to the pints and quarts chalked up in country public houses against credit customers.

Bears Vary in Weight.

An adult polar bear (white bear) is said to weigh sometimes as much as 1,000 pounds, and to have a length of nine feet or more. The Kodiak, or Alaskan bear—found on Kodiak island, Alaska, and the mainland near it—are said to be extremely large. Some of them (not the heaviest), weighing 1,200 pounds—while the measurement given for the skin of one was nine feet from paw to paw across the shoulders. A good-sized American grizzly has a length of nine feet and a weight of about 1,000 pounds. Russian brown bears have been known to weigh 800 pounds; the American black bear rarely weighs more than 400 pounds, and a fair-sized Indian shag bear has a weight of from 200 to 300 pounds.

The Word Cockle.

"To warn the cockles of one's heart" has several strange derivations. The word cockle is said to have been derived from the resemblance in shape between a cockleshell and a heart; from the resemblance between the Greek word for heart, kardia, and the Latin word for cockle, cardium; and from the Latin word cockle, meaning vehicle, a small cavity in an animal body.

Can Buy Joy Rides.

Money can't do everything, but there's a tendency in human nature to be pretty well satisfied with the things it can do.

MICA NOW IN GREAT DEMAND

As Perfect Insulator It Has Important and Varied Uses in Electrical Industry.

FOUND IN THREE COUNTRIES

Possesses Combination of Special Qualities Found in no Other Substance—No Satisfactory Substitute Found.

Washington.—Do you remember how you used to sit before the old barrel stove in the parlor, or before that "new-fangled" latrobe, watching the glow of the cheery winter fire through the "islinglass" windows? You may think that since the basement furnace has generally supplanted the troublesome pesky things the producers of "islinglass" must have long since gone bankrupt; but there's more demand for it now than ever before, says the United States bureau of mines.

Any way, it was not islinglass at all in the front of the stove. Had it been, it would have lasted as long as paper, for islinglass is made of the air bladder of certain fish and is a soluble combustible substance. What really was in the stove windows was mica, one of the oddest of natural substances, and which is now one of the greatest boons in the electrical industry as a perfect insulator. So important is mica, in electrical goods, it is declared, that many of the larger electrical supply manufacturing companies own and operate their own mica mines.

Split Into Thin Plates. Mica, says the bureau, includes a group of several minerals characterized by a perfect basal cleavage by virtue of which they may be split into exceedingly thin plates.

How often as a youngster did you make wonderful finds of "gold" or "silver" among the rock deposits near the homestead? Of course, the dreams of wealth vanished when you found the silvery or golden flakes were only mica. Such mica has no commercial value; it is only when it occurs in large deposits where it appears in "books" fairly free from defects, varying in width and length from a few inches to feet and up to six inches or more in thickness it is of value.

Of the several varieties of the mineral, only two are of commercial value, the "muscovite" or white mica, and the "phlogopite" or amber, India, Canada, and the United States are the chief producers.

Has Special Qualities.

Mica possesses a combination of special qualities which is found in no other substance, consequently no satisfactory substitute has been found. Chief among these qualities are elasticity, toughness, flexibility, transparency, ability to withstand excessive heat and sudden changes of temperature, high dielectric strength, cleavability and resistance to decomposition.

An important use of electrical mica is for interleaving between the copper segments of commutators. Thin films are used in vast numbers in condensers for magnets and in wireless apparatus. As sheets in greatly diversified shapes, or as washers and tubes, mica is used extensively as an insulator in dynamos and in various appliances, in fuse boxes, sockets, insulators, electric heaters, fadrons, telephones, etc.

As a heat-resisting, transparent medium, sheet mica is still used in furnace sight holes, for heat screens, lamp chimneys, cupoles and shades, particularly for gas mantles, also for military lanterns and lantern slides.

Its ability to withstand strains and shocks, combined with its transparency, has led to wide use in motor goggles, spectacles, divers' helmets, smoke helmets, compass cards, gage fronts and in windows subject to shock such as on the conning towers of battleships.

DESIGN PLANE TO CARRY 100

Americans Challenge Foreign Air Ministries to International Race Around World.

New York.—The American Eagle, a 100-passenger hydroplane, with which it is planned to circumnavigate the globe, has been designed by a group of American experts and plans are being made to begin work on the monster ship at an early date. Announcement to this effect was made by the American Eagle company, recently formed by a group of engineers and airmen to back the building and operation of the plane.

The engineers called a challenge for an international race around the world in similar planes to all important foreign air ministries, signed by Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, U. S. N., retired, honorary president of the organization.

Woman Stung to Death When Cow Kicks Beehive

Caldo, Ill.—Miss Missouri Durham, sixty-five years old, died of injuries sustained when she was attacked by a swarm of bees which had been stirred up by a cow kicking over the hive.

Making Matches.

Matches are turned out in huge quantities by machinery. The machines now in use cut up great planks of wood into match splints at lightning speed. The ends of the splints are then passed through a paraffin bath and receive their heads.

Whale Disports in Surf to Get Rid of Barnacles

Modjesko, Wash.—The curious sight of a large gray whale playing inshore was observed here recently. The whale came in through the surf, where the depth of water was hardly sufficient to float it. It lay 20 to 30 minutes in the breakers, rolling and playing, and then ended the sport by making a playful spring with bended flukes, the immense body alighting on the surface of the sea with a tremendous smack, audible for a mile or so.

It is believed the whale came into the sandy beach to rub away clusters of barnacles and other parasitic crustaceans.

TIRANA IS NEW TOY CAPITAL

Wagon Road Is Only Means of Communication Between Albanian City and Seaport.

Tirana, Albania.—The distinction of being the "toy capital of Europe," so long enjoyed by Cethje, the old site of the palace and court of King Nicholas of Montenegro, falls now to Tirana, the capital of Albania, where regents, chiefs, boys, ministers and diplomats are beginning to congregate to set up the governmental magnificence of the new state, the last to be admitted into the League of Nations.

Tirana still burns oil for light. She has no communication with the outside world except a wagon road leading to her seaport, Durazzo. She boasts a market place and five mosques and has lately adapted an old building into a hotel called the International hotel. The government palaces are scattered throughout her winding, narrow streets, which are lined with merchants displaying their wares sitting with crossed legs in the Arab fashion.

The stores and houses, roofed with a red tile, are all of one story. Distinction is given the government buildings in the fact that they have two stories. All are old buildings adapted to the use of the government by the introduction of a few chairs and desks. Each building has no more than six or eight rooms. The ministers enter their offices with great solemnity, and ceremony. Orderlies and ushers stand at attention while the heads pass. Inside his office, the minister calls his ushers by an old-fashioned table bell, electric bells being wholly unknown in this primitive land. With stern severity, every one addresses the minister as "your excellency."

Diplomats have only a legal residence in Tirana. Minister Ayers, the British plenipotentiary, who has the unique dignity of being the representative of the only country to recognize Albania formally, lives in Durazzo, making the trip to Tirana when state functions demand it. Italy also maintains a diplomatic residence in Durazzo.

FIFTY YEARS A TEACHER



Mrs. Bene B. Sterling of Little Rock, Ark., holds the unique record of fifty years of teaching in the public schools of that city. She was born in Vicksburg, Miss., 81 years ago and came to Little Rock in 1872. She began teaching shortly after the death of her husband and is still on the job. She estimates that she has had 6,000 men and women of Little Rock in her classes at some time during their school lives.

HELD UP ON WAY TO DOCTOR

Negro Bandit Inflicts Scalp Wound in Struggle With Blind Victim in New York.

New York.—Walter A. Green, sixty-one years old, accidentally used iodine on his eye instead of an eye wash and was temporarily blinded. He put on a few clothes and was hurrying to the doctor's when a negro stopped him and hit him on the head, inflicting a scalp wound.

Green fought. The police say he pulled a revolver and fired one shot during the struggle. Then, they say, the negro took the pistol from him and ran away with it. Green and his wife say he had only an imitation revolver, which was a perfume sprayer. Green's head and eyes were treated in a hospital.

Plants.

When branches of a house plant start to die, clip them off. This aids in keeping the plant in best proper shape.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

TRUTH ABOUT LUCK

May Be Good or Bad, but All of Us Have It.

Writer Who Makes the Assertion Cites Instance Which Seems to Prove the Point.

Don't tell me there is no such thing as luck. I know better. You either have it or you don't have it. It may be bad or good. Sometimes it runs in streaks and you break about even. But we all have luck of one sort or another and we cannot get away from it and we cannot explain it.

Take the case of Jerry Morgan, for example, says a writer in the Chicago Daily News. The name is camouflaged, out of respect for his feelings, but long years ago I knew him well. His father died when he was a baby. His mother was left penniless. Eventually she married another man and Jerry was ill-treated and ran away from home just after he had worked through the old fourth reader. Because he was a husky kid, he became a sort of pugilist. That was all bad luck, wasn't it? He wasn't much of a pugilist and he lost a fight which his backers expected him to win. So he lost his backers. Twenty years ago, in the dead of winter, he walked down an icy street in Columbus, Ohio.

He was hungry, penniless and an absolute stranger in town. He had just bummed his way in on a freight and had been heated off with every circumstance of ignominy. He was so weak he tottered. His toe caught in something buried in the ice, and because he was in such a hapless state mentally that his curiosity was aroused by so small a circumstance—and because he had nothing else to do—he went back to see what it was that had tripped him.

It was a neat roll of \$5 bills. Someone had lost it and the falling sheet had pinned it to the ground so that the wind had not blown it away. And he came along just before the sheet had buried it. Up to this moment he had had nothing but bad luck. He was as complete a loss as a young man could be. But with the finding of that money his luck changed. Everything came his way. That money meant new clothes, plenty of food for the time, a warm room, rest and regained self-respect. In two days he had a job. When he walked into the office yesterday I did not recognize him. Today he is the president of a bank in a wood-sid town on the western coast. Everything he has ever touched has turned into money.

He has had nothing but luck of the best sort. His speculations are always profitable. He has a lovely wife, he tells me, and a family of fine children. When he dies he will have a grand funeral and the whole town will mourn him, for he has developed into a citizen who is not only prominent but is really worth while.

But I wonder what was the luck of the man who lost that roll of bills?

Suffering Silvia.

Silvia, the colored laundress, was very fond of Boston brown bread, and frequently told her mistress so, always adding that with a bottle of milk and the brown bread she could "just make a meal."

One day as she was leaving her mistress gave her a small loaf of brown bread and some leftovers, remarking as she did so: "Silvia, you won't have to do much for your supper when you get home, as these little things will probably be enough for you."

"Law, yes, masy," responded Silvia. "and thank you, m'am. I'll stop at the grocery and get a bottle of milk, and when I get home I'll build a little fire to sit by, and with these dainty little bits and that brown bread and milk—my, how I will suffer!"

Island Was Afloat.

The Mississippi had just reached flood stage and I was just above Vicksburg, Miss., paddling along at a good rate of speed on a canoe trip to the gulf, when I noticed ahead, about half a mile distant, a small island. I set it as my objective, figuring it a dandy spot to disembark to prepare my noon lunch. Paddling more quickly, I was surprised that it required almost an hour to reach it. When I did, I found it to be a floating island, detached in some manner from the mainland. It was about 250 square feet in area, and upon it were three trees of good stature. I rode along with it (at a safe distance), and when I made camp, six hours later, it was still on its way to the gulf.—Chicago Journal.

Census of Pigs.

A special census of the pigs of the country is about to be made through the aid of the 24,000 rural mail carriers, connected with 9,500 post offices of the country. This will cover the 14 states of the country which are most concerned. The pig population of the remainder counts for little. The information will be of great value to the growers and the meat handlers and will show the extent of the consumption of this kind of meat. A very simple and easily filled questionnaire will be circulated by the carriers to be filled out by breeders and the information asked for will be regarded as confidential.

Psychological Benefit.

"You are strong for civil service regulations." "I am," replied Senator Sorghum. "Even if they do not succeed in holding a man in his position they have a helpful and comforting influence."

The Lazy Man.

Nature is good and kind and all that, but it has no use for a lazy man. The minute he quits hoeing she starts filling up his garden with weeds.

Just So.

It is easy to preach contentment when you have all the cake.

LONG A FAMOUS SANCTUARY.

Many Miraculous Cures of Ills Attributed to the Old Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

When the celebrated French Canadian church of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, near Quebec, was destroyed by fire a few weeks ago the famous statue of Ste. Anne, various relics of the shrine and the old chapel in which the statue was first kept were miraculously spared.

It is an old and faithfully adhered to legend of the parishioners of the church of Ste. Anne de Beaupre that a party of Breton sailors were overwhelmed by a terrible storm in the St. Lawrence river in the year 1015. When it seemed that nothing could save them they called upon Ste. Anne, the patroness of their own home province of Brittany in France, and all members of the crew joined in a solemn vow that they would erect a sanctuary on the shore to the memory of their saint if they were saved from shipwreck. Their vessel was tossed about all night, but early the next morning the storm died and they were landed safely. Believing faithfully that their prayers had been answered by Ste. Anne, they immediately set to work constructing a rude wooden chapel which was destined to become world famous through the successive churches that followed it.

In the erection of one of these churches that followed the original frame structure a parishioner accidentally discovered that the shrine, had curative powers. Louis Guilmont was his name; he helped in the construction of the church to show his reverence for the patroness saint, although he could scarcely walk because of rheumatism, from which he had suffered since his youth. But he had no sooner placed one stone in the foundation than his rheumatism vanished.

Whether by the amazing faith of those who came to the shrine to be cured of divers afflictions or by some divine quality in the statue and the old chapel or by something that no man can understand, cannot be said, but it is indeed true that most miraculous cures are effected at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

Battery Locomotives.

In times of labor shortage and abnormal demand for fuel mine operators turn to necessity to electrification as the only way of increasing their output, at the same time alleviating the labor situation, at times so serious. The storage battery locomotive for mine haulage offers the very great advantage that it may be used without the dangers of trolleys and the necessity of installing the trolley and educating the miners in the dangers. The storage battery locomotive, being self-contained, may be put to work directly it reaches the mine. Moreover, by charging the batteries at night, which is about the only time they may be charged unless battery exchange is in vogue, overloaded stations are able to be relieved, rates of energy are lowered and the load factor increased.

Making Ice on Lumber Camp Roads.

The sprinkling tank is a familiar sight on the streets in the summer, but how many have ever heard of sprinkling operations carried on in the winter?

However, the winter sprinkling tank, mounted on sleigh runners, is an important adjunct to many logging camps. The cutting of timber is usually a winter job, the logs being hauled to a railroad spur or a stream of sufficient size to float them away when the spring freshets come. Horses on this hauling where tractors are not employed for the purpose. The sprinkling tanks are used to keep a sheet of ice on the rough roadways and enable the horses to draw heavy loads. Over an ice road a team of horses can haul five or six tons of logs on bobbeds.

Training Scout Leaders.

The Buffalo board of education is holding a class for the training of Girl Scout leaders as part of its night-school work, the teacher being the local director, paid at the regular night-school rates. They have the use of one of the classrooms and one of the smaller gymnasiums and meet weekly. New leaders are trained and any of the captains who feel the need of "brushing up" or learning new methods, of teaching tenderfoot and second class are welcomed. The bed-making and the first aid are taught by a nurse recommended by the Red Cross and one evening of each course is spent at the Red Cross house, using their materials and beds for these subjects.—The American Girl.

Accounted for It.

Jones—Have you seen anything of that plaster of Paris I brought home yesterday? Mrs. Jones—Was it stuff that looked like flour, in a paper bag? Jones—Yes, that's it. Mrs. Jones—And does it get hard when it is wetted? Jones—Yes. Mrs. Jones—And sticks to everything like glue? Jones—Yes. Mrs. Jones—Oh, Joseph! It is just like you to leave horrid stuff like that lying about. Why, it took me more than half an hour with the hammer and chisel to get the cake out of the baking tin.

Uncle Eben.

"I alius kin fesser out what noss nuzit to win," said Uncle Eben. But when a boss gits on de race track he don't seem to hab no sense of direction."

CASTORIA For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST

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Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

WATER

ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Thames.

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 3 p. m.

LION TAMER AFRAID OF CATS

Jim Coyle, Who Pacifies Wild Beasts, Trembles at the Sight of the Domestic Tabby.

Jim Coyle, head keeper at the Central park zoo, who hears the lion in his den and calls the fiercest black leopard in captivity Tootle, is afraid of only one animal—a house cat.

"I can't explain why an ordinary cat that babies will play with holds such terror for me," Coyle said, according to the New York Sun.

"Late at night when something goes wrong in the lion house and they all get to roaring so that I'm afraid they'll wake up residents on Fifth avenue I can go into their cages with the same feeling of security that I would go into a child's room at night. But let a cat brush against me and I come back through the dark and I'm scared to death."

In handling the lions one of Coyle's fingers was bitten off and his arm ripped from his wrist to his elbow—and he holds no grudge against the lion.

"Oh, that lion and I were the best of friends after the accident," he said. "You see it was partly my own fault. I went in to latch his cage after hours, when he wasn't expecting anybody, and I didn't have on my uniform, to which he was accustomed. But the main thing was, I forgot to make him speak first. If I had called him by name before sticking my arm in the cage he would have known me instantly."

Coyle says that a lion not only knows those he has met before, but that he knows the moment a person steps before the cage whether that person likes animals. And right here is, perhaps, the reason Coyle dislikes cats.

"I never feel that a cat is really my friend," he said. "Maybe because I'm afraid of them to the extent that I never get chummy enough with them. But I always have the feeling that they like me for what they can get out of me and that they'd turn against me in a minute. It makes old chills run up and down my back to have one of the slippery things around me."

"It's foolish, perhaps, because they couldn't do you a lot of harm if they did turn against you—but give me panthers and wolves and wildcats even and keep your Tabby away."

Lived Thirty Years on Pillar.
A shepherd of Cilicia named Simeon, now known in church history as St. Simeon Stylites, was the founder of the Stylites, sometimes called the Air Martires, but usually known as Pillar Saints, and its most conspicuous example. With the idea of gaining the favor of heaven and attaining sainthood on earth, he took up his residence on a pillar, or column, said to have been 60 feet high, the top of which was about three feet in diameter, and was enclosed by an iron railing.

He is said to have lived here for 30 years, never descending, eating sparingly of food sent up to him, always standing or bowing in prayer, and exposed to all kinds of weather. He wore the skins of animals, and always kept an iron band around his neck. At a certain hour every day he addressed those gathered at the foot of the pillar, exhorting them to lives of holiness. He died on top of this pillar, and his body was taken to Antioch and buried with imposing ceremonies. The sect did not entirely disappear till the Twelfth century.

UNEARTH'S COSTUMES OF 1300

Danish Scientist Makes Find While Excavating Old Burial Grounds in Greenland

Copenhagen.—Men's costumes of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth centuries have been found in Greenland. They are in an excellent state of preservation, and resemble the clothes worn by Dante in the published pictures of the Italian poet.

The finds were made by Doctor Noerlund, a Danish scientist, while excavating in ancient burial grounds in the southwestern part of Greenland. They are the only specimens in the world of garments worn by men in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth centuries. Being deposited in the frozen earth has kept them from destruction by moth and age.

Improvement on Tractor

A new attachment designed to give the small tractor greater bearing area and increased pulling power, replaces the round wheels with two large sprockets, according to Popular Mechanics Magazine. Outside of each sprocket is a cast-steel arm which projects forward and downward, carrying at its front end a smaller roller wheel. A track tread passes around the sprocket and roller wheel, giving the tractor increased bearing area.

Not Natural

There is at present a good deal of criticism of our girls, but after all we can't expect a girl to be as good as an owl.—Boston Transcript.

THREE FUNDAMENTAL FACTORS IN IMPROVEMENT OF FARM BUSINESS



Survey Shows Increase of 14½ Per Cent in the 1922 Pig Crop Production. (Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

"Help the farmer to help himself," was the keynote of an address by Dr. H. C. Taylor, chief of the newly created bureau of agricultural economics, at a recent meeting of New England extension workers at Amherst, Mass. Three fundamental factors in improving the farm business were outlined: Adjustment of production to marketing conditions, co-operation, and utilizing the services of government agencies.

"I believe that when farmers have a well-balanced view of the relative importance of these three lines of action, they will look more to individual effort in solving the marketing problem," Doctor Taylor said.

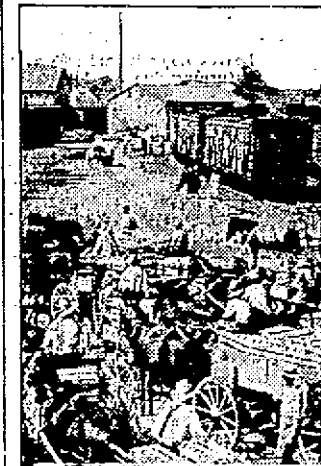
"In adjusting production to marketing conditions, knowledge of the statistics of production and marketing and their interpretation in the light of past experience are primarily essential. It is the job of public agencies to collect these data, but it remains for the farmer himself to act upon them."

Discusses Hog Situation

The present situation regarding prospective supplies of hogs was given by Doctor Taylor as a case in point. Last November and December prices of hogs were low. No adequate statistics were available with regard to the supply of hogs coming to market, and the packers overestimated the supply yet to come from the country. As a result prices were lower than was justified by the conditions of supply and demand and at the end of the winter run the storage houses had low stocks of pork.

The Department of Agriculture made a survey of pig production, so as to have a fair estimate of the supply of hogs available for market this fall. The figures show an increase of 14½ per cent in the 1922 spring pig crop over that for 1921, and an increase of 49 per cent in the number of brood sows being kept for fall litters. This information has been widely disseminated among producers of hogs through the press and orally by extension workers, thereby enabling producers to decide whether they should sell at once some of the sows they had intended to keep for fall litters.

"In the light of these figures it is probable that American farmers would be better off and the American consumers suffer no injustice if a third of



Members of Co-Operative Association Bringing Their Produce to Shipping Point.—The Association is Succeeding Because It is Organized on Sound Business Lines.

the brood sows held for fall litters were marketed at this time," Doctor Taylor said. "All we can do, however, is to provide the information and leave the farmer to draw his own conclusion."

Another illustration cited is the agitation in the spring wheat regions for changes in the federal grain grades. Doctor Taylor said:

"A careful study of the whole situation suggests that this problem would still remain in its present form if the grades were changed and that the solution lies not in legislation but in education and more intelligent action on the part of the farmers themselves. 'Know Your Wheat' Campaign."

"As a result, an educational campaign will be organized in the spring wheat states with a view to securing more adequate information regarding the market values of the different grades of wheat and the different qualities within the different grades. This information will be made available to farmers and local buyers and all others interested in more detailed information regarding the milling value of wheat."

"Farmers must know the quality of wheat they possess, and a 'Know Your Wheat' campaign has been organized by providing training schools where competent teachers will train county agents to grade grain; grain testing laboratories in the office of the county agent where farmers may bring samples of their grain to be tested, and where they themselves may learn how to test their own wheat, and training schools for county grain buyers so that they may introduce more accurate

methods in grading grain delivered to them."

In discussing cooperative marketing, Doctor Taylor said that "successful co-operation must be based upon efficient service to the 'other fellow' at a fair price, even though its prime objective be the welfare of the co-operators."

"Agriculture includes too large a proportion of the total population to prosper without the prosperity of the nation as a whole. I am thoroughly convinced that just to the extent that



This Farmer Knows the Quality of His Wheat.

the motive of fixing prices as an objective in the organization of co-operative marketing is kept in the foreground and the hope of a monopoly price for farm products is the dominant motive in the part of farmers in entering co-operative organizations, the movement is doomed to fail. Agricultural co-operation promoted and organized in the spirit of extortion, in a spirit of price fixing on a monopoly basis, or in any way in the spirit of 'doing the other fellow' cannot succeed."

Doctor Taylor also believes that the salient factor in solving the problem of fair charges for middleman services in central markets is the study of the whole question from the standpoint of their effect upon both producer and consumer. He stated that the federal government working in close co-operation with the state governments, which are themselves co-operative institutions is the logical agency to do this. The fruit and vegetable inspection service was given as an illustration of this point.

"A carload of spinach is shipped from Austin, Tex. Upon arrival in New York city there may be more spinach on the market than is needed. In olden days the dealer who had contracted for the spinach might report that the car arrived in bad condition and refuse to accept it. This farmer at Austin could not afford to go to New York to look into the matter and without some system of government inspection he was at a disadvantage. Under the present system of inspection he can call for government inspection upon the car, and if the spinach is in good condition he is in position to enforce the original contract. If it is in bad condition he has the basis of a claim upon the railway company if the spinach was in good condition when received by the carrier."

Introduction of standard grades and their administration in business transactions is also regarded by Doctor Taylor as of great importance in adding to secure a square deal for the farmer.

CHARD IS GOOD FOR POULTRY

Plant Is Simple Beet With More Leaves and Less Root—More Space Is Necessary.

Chard is a good plant for the poultry yard. The bulletin of the New York State College of Agriculture says of this vegetable:

"Chard is simply a beet with more leaves and less root than other beets. If you like beet greens you will like chard. It is a 'cut and come again' crop, the outer leaves only being gathered each time and the young inner leaves left to develop. The culture is the same as that of other beets, but more space, eight inches at least, should be allowed between plants."

Must Serve Punishment Meted Out to His Son

Herbert F. Vernier of Syracuse, N. Y., was sentenced to serve five months in the Onondaga county jail after he had pleaded guilty, together with his wife, to a charge that they kept their five-year-old son, Kenneth, imprisoned for five months in an old dry goods box in the coal cellar of their home. Mrs. Vernier was sent to jail for ten days.

TO CONCENTRATE ON THE SLEEVES

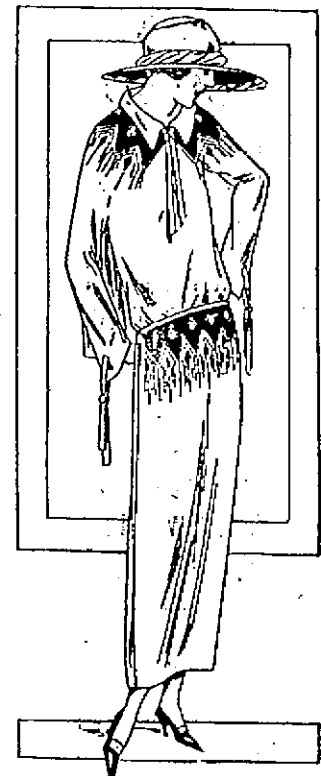
Arm Covering of Gowns Must Have the First Consideration, Writer Says.

THE BANNERS OF FASHION

Important Part of the Frock Must Carry That Marked Gracefulness So Essential of the Dresses That Are New.

We hear all sorts of rumors about the sleeves that are to come—whether they shall be tight or loose, flowing or plain—but always it is the sleeve, it seems, around which the clothes interest centers, observes a fashion writer in the New York Times. Collars, skirts, bodices and waistsbands keep their own importance in the scheme of things, but sleeves remain, still, the center of attraction.

There is no known fabric, no known method of trimming, no clever adornment for feminine attractiveness that



Afternoon Frock of Silver Lace and an Underlying Area of Gray Georgette Tucked in Group for Trimming.

has not been applied to the scheme of sleeve construction and with the utmost success as a result. Each woman who at all prides herself upon her dressing as a mark of distinction for her personality pays much attention to the manner of the shaping of her sleeves. There is where the art of the modern gown is concentrated. By the swing and sweep of the sleeve is the style of the frock established. The sleeve, by all odds, carries off the bulk of attention. And so it shall be during the coming season—so the designers have decreed, if their advance models are to be taken as any criterion.

By their sleeves ye shall know them. That is the new style slogan. The rest of the gown may be so simple that it is absolutely devoid of interest. It may cleave to the common level in every other particular, but as for its sleeves, there it excels. Sleeves are the importance of any gown. They are the points by which you tell at once whether it is in the class of the ultra smart or not. They may be plain, indeed, but they somehow manage to place themselves as the center around which all interest revolves. That is their distinction in the modern plan of dress.

To Be in Height of Fashion

So, see to your sleeves if you would be "in the swim" of fashion. Do not allow them to sink to the level of mediocrity. They are your banners of fashion. And no matter whether their folds sweep into the soup, they still must carry that gracefulness which is so essential a part of the frocks that are new. The sleeve has only just begun to evolve. It promises, during the coming season to establish a real style interest never before achieved in exactly the ratio that this sleeve era shall attain. So, what could be more of fashion interest than to study the sleeve as it exists today, with an eye to its evolution in the future?

In one model there is used a combination of white against black kasha cloth. Then to join the two together there are rows of handwork in embroidery done with black threads. But it is in the sleeves that the real design converges. They are simple enough to be sure, but they carry with them that certain style which marks them as an insistent part of the modern era.

The blouse of this particular dress is cut in the kimono fashion that is so dear to the heart of the French. But the sleeves slope away in a very informal manner and then they are tied together with a band of the white kasha cloth made to form a sort of a tassel. They are inconspicuous enough, but they have that certain air of being the points of interest that dignify the gown as a portion of the season's mode. Again at the neckline the band is used to tie the collar together, and these three ties serve to form a pattern that draws the whole design of the garment into one.

The hat is white, as one might expect, and it is faced with a layer of black, while the roll that forms the trimming about the crown is made of white velvet twisted until it forms a sort of rope.

Capelike Sleeves

The sleeves of this gown are full enough to run into a sort of drooping effect at the back which, when the arms are loosely hung at the side, form a capelike look across the back in spite of the fact that they are veritable sleeves when the arms are posed at other angles.

This is one of the happy parts of the modern sleeve. Besides being a sleeve, it is usually something else. They, together, form a cape, a scarf, a collar or what not? They are, only to begin with, sleeves, but they usually have some other function to perform in the design of the gown considered as a whole. There are sleeves which reach into side draperies for the skirt. And this they do most effectively.

For instance, there is a dress of brocade silk in gray. It is straight enough and plain enough by itself. But then there are the sleeves. They are folded and draped and hung over the arms and when the chiffon has finished making sleeves to be worshipped for their very beauty then it takes itself into the skirt where it is draped and folded to such an extent that it makes the real interest of that skirt. Of course the drapey congregates at the sides and at the hem it falls in points over the hemline. But the sleeves are the things which start the idea and from them the folds of the skirt take their way in unalloyed enjoyment. To finish the gown there is a wide band of silver lace to make the skirt and then there is a choker of violet flowers made of chiffon posed at one side to finish off the skirt. On the whole it is a notable gown, in perfect harmony with the style of the present mode, but after all, its sleeves are the central points of interest. From them the draperies that make the gown distinctive emerge, and in them are the lines that establish the continuity of the shaping of the gown itself.

For Afternoon Dresses

For afternoon dresses the sleeves are of just as much importance as they are for any other sort of frock. In fact they are more so, if the truth were faced. Afternoon frocks must, of necessity, be graceful and, just now, without flowing sleeves there is no chance of achieving a graceful frock without that side addition that makes a sort of sleeve drapery.

There is another frock. It is composed of gray georgette, combined with wide applications of silver lace. And it is a gown that is notable so far as its sleeves are concerned. The sleeves and the upper section of the bodice make a pattern with the groups of lucks that are so arranged that they string along the sleeves and then across the neck. Other than that there are only layers of the silver lace which stretch over the foundation of the same chiffon. But who can say that the sleeves are not the interest of the design of the gown? The lace is the trimming. Oh, yes, to be sure. But the foundation frock is accentuated by the rows of lucks that stretch across the front and the back of the bodice and then down the sleeves and across



One of Lanvin's Latest Street Costumes. It is a Combination of White Kasha Cloth With Draped Sleeves.

their edges to make a design of simplicity by which the whole tone of the frock is established.

On some of the newer summer dresses there are seen sleeves that are long and tightly fitted. They are mostly of lace or of some transparent material, and more often than not they have some trailing scarlike affair drooping from them. But there have been seen those sleeves, and on the very most advanced models, that are tightly fitted even to the wrists and then are allowed to flare over the hands in a most picturesque manner.

Adding to Finland's Wealth

The good results obtained in 1921 from flax cultivation have stimulated Finnish farmers to sow more seed this year. The only linen mill in Finland has constructed a flax dressing plant—near Tammerfors. Last year this linen factory bought from the farmers 1,875,000 kilos of air dried stalks, 90,000 kilos of soaked stalks and 100,000 kilos of swamped flax. This production represents the harvest of 3,400 hectares (one hectare equals 2.47 acres).

**Children Ory
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

LIKE COMIC FILM

How Fire Brigade of Constantinople Does Its Work.

After Much Fuss and Bother, a Feeble Stream Is Thrown on Conflagration From Hand Pump.

Some idea of how the fire brigade in Constantinople fights fire is contained in the following letter from an English traveler in Turkey, says the Montreal Family Herald.

In his red helmet and drab gray clothing the fireman in Constantinople looks as unbusinesslike and unheroic as he is unpicturesque. In action he is anything but a model—indeed, it would be more in keeping with the indolent disposition of his race to let fate—and the fire—have their own way.

When the brigade "turns out," its deeds are worthy of the comic film. The equipment is hopelessly inadequate. A few primitive appliances are carried upon a ramshackle horse-drawn vehicle whose only claim to distinction is that at some remote stage of its history it has been painted red. Certainly it appears to have been designed for any purpose other than that which it serves.

The firemen do not ride upon it, but loiter behind at a shuffling run, the ludicrous impression produced being that they have been rather late in responding to the alarm, and the "engine" having got off to time, they are doing their best to catch up to it.

Watching this singular body at its rehearsals in the street of Constantinople one is led involuntarily to indulge in flippant speculation as to what might happen in a genuine emergency.

If the impious curiosity so aroused can be gratified the sightseer will observe that the fuss and bother consequent upon the brigade coming into action cause more commotion and excitement than the fire.

The senior fireman, a resplendent, brass-helmeted figure armed with sword and pistol, directs operations from a distance which places him well within the safety zone.

Hydrants, of course, are unknown. It has been ordered that there is to well in the vicinity—well and goodly the brigade boasts a hand pump. This is a quaintly colored, box-like apparatus bearing the emblem of the star and crescent in glistening brass and it is carried upon two poles by a barefooted squad, detailed for that special duty.

A runner precedes it, carrying a symbol of authority—a brass star and crescent upon a short staff—which insures a free passage through the crowd.

When after considerable difference of opinion it is decided where to place the pump the squad gets to work upon it, and the result is awaited with anxiety.

Presently a feeble jet of water emerges from a hose scarcely larger than that which may be seen in any suburban garden during the summer. The firemen direct it upon that part of the building which there appears to be at least hope of saving, while other members of the brigade armed with long hooked poles assist in the work of demolition by pulling down the partially consumed walls.

There can be only one end with this delightful method. It becomes a guess as to which will first complete the job—the fire or the brigade. In the long run, as a rule, the odds are on the fire.

Marching Sands

French geologists have long taken interest in the eastward march of the sands along the northern coasts of France, Belgium and Holland. A fine sand originating on the shores of Normandy has been found distributed on the beaches as far east as Denmark. It was shown, after a careful investigation of this phenomenon, that the eastward march of the sands is due to the fact that all the sea waves approaching the coast from Brittany break in nearly parallel lines with an easterly motion. The result is that the sands always progress in that direction. But the progress is slow and gradual, and measurements have proved that the sand traverses, forward and backward, perpendicular to the shore, a total distance of 8,000 times as great as that which it covers in the same length of time in its eastward progress.

Making His Head Save His Feet

Having had electric bells installed in his house, the master said to his help: "Now, John, when I ring once it's for you, and when I ring twice I want Jane to answer."

A few hours later he rang once and the man failed to put in an appearance. Presently he rang again, and the housemaid came hurrying in. "Why didn't John come when I rang?" he inquired angrily.

"Please, sir," said the girl, "he was busy reading the paper when he heard the first ring and he said to me: 'Now wait till the master rings again and then it will be for you wants.'"—Boston Evening Transcript.

Gunn Before the "Break"

Magistrate—What's the charge? Policeman—Intoxicated, your worship.

Magistrate (to prisoner)—What's your name?

Prisoner—John Gunn.
Magistrate—Well, Gunn, I'll discharge you this time, but you mustn't get loaded again.—London Times.

The Netherlands Indies, with a population of 47,000,000, offer practically a virgin territory to American manufacturers for trade in cotton, shoes, machinery and paper, according to John A. Fowler, American trade commissioner, who recently returned from a survey of conditions there and is now in Boston to confer with New England business men.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Mercury August 17, 1822

The Rhode Island Coal Company offer for sale their Coal Mine and lands in Portsmouth on Rhode Island, comprising about 168 acres, with all their mining establishment. There is no coal superior to that of Rhode Island for brewers and malsters, and all kinds of iron works. The increasing demand for fuel in the Northern and Eastern states will soon call for vast quantities of this coal. (So reads the advertisement, but the demand does not seem to have materialized during the hundred years.)

Yesterday morning about 2 o'clock the inhabitants of this town were alarmed by the cry of fire, which proved to be on Long wharf. It commenced in the stable belonging to Capt. J. Q. Amy, and in a few moments communicated to the dwelling house on the east, belonging to the same estate, occupied by Benj. Whitman; and the dwelling house and store on the west, belonging to Asher Robbins, Esq. Before the fire was under way these buildings were nearly consumed. The adjoining dwelling house of Jesse Dunham was several times on fire, and had not the wind changed the whole south part of the town must have been destroyed. Great credit is due the firewards, engineers and the citizens; and to Major Crane and the soldiers from Fort Wolcott. As for the origin of the fire no satisfactory account can be given, but it is thought to have been incendiary.

The U. S. Frigate Macedonian, 36 guns, Capt. Biddle, arrived on the 6th inst. from a cruise, in which she stopped at Havana, Hayti, etc. During the cruise she lost 76 of her crew.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, August 17, 1872

"Newport has not had a very large number of visitors this summer, and this is attributed to the overreaching avarice of some of her inhabitants." The above is from the New York Commercial, and in the language of Horace Greeley, we pronounce it a lie, for Newport HAS a very large number of visitors, more than was ever here before.

The Newport lecture committee have secured John B. Gough for the opening lecture on the 7th of October. The other lecturers will be Harriet Beecher Stowe, Gen. Kilpatrick, Gen. J. L. Swift, George William, Curtis, and James T. Fields.

The Newport Artillery has voted to pass the 10th of September at the Stone Bridge House, accompanied by the Newport Brass Band.

Secretary of the Treasury Boutwell is in this city at present, the guest of Mr. Gardner Brewer.

The northeast section of Broad street, after many unsuccessful efforts to make it passable at all seasons of the year, has had a most thorough re-construction, as the expense account is about \$10,000. This work furnished employment for sixty-six men and a large number of teams.

On Narragansett avenue the big sewer is being pushed through and sixteen men have been at work on it for some time.

At last the improvements on the post office are completed, and if they are not what they should be, the benefits are so great that we should be thankful.

A young lady of Lee, Mass., sold her hair, which reached almost to the ground to a Pittsfield hairdresser for fifty-five dollars. (Young ladies of the present day, please take notice.)

The Neptune will be the name of the new lodge of Odd Fellows soon to be instituted at Block Island.

Mr. Mori, the Japanese minister to this country, paid us a visit this week. While here he called on Mrs. Belmont, daughter of the late Commodore M. C. Perry, who was so successful in opening up the gates of Japan to the outer world. He also called on His Honor the Mayor, and enjoyed a drive on the avenue with Henry M. Fay, Esq.

The Glen Farm has been finally sold to Mr. Halsey P. Coon of Clayville, N. Y., for \$12,175. Cheap enough.

As we do not notice in the Providence papers a Sunday excursion to Newport for tomorrow, we presume the Company has decided to let us have the day to ourselves. Was it not a little singular that Newport should be made the landing place on the Sabbath rather than Rocky Point?

The Narragansett Steamship Company have libelled the Bark B. Rogers in the sum of \$50,000 for causing the accident to the Steamer Bristol.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, August 21, 1897

Among the veterans who came Thursday with the Third R. I. Heavy Artillery Association were General Charles R. Brayton, formerly Colonel of the regiment, Captain Charles E. Gray, Prof. Alonzo Williams of Brown University and Colonel Charles H. Williams. They were entertained by Congressman Bull.

Newport was visited by the heaviest thunder storm in its history on Sunday and Monday of this week. The lightning struck in many places in the city and on the island. The Newport firemen were called to Honan Hill where a hay stack was on fire. Soon the house of W. H. Morrison on Aquidneck avenue was struck and burned. Soon after the city firemen reached the Morrison fire they were notified that F. A. Smith's barn on Love Lane, Middletown, had been consumed and were asked to go and protect the rest of the buildings. Several places in Jamestown were struck, including Hotel Thorndike and one of the cottages. The hay stacks that were consumed during the two days' storm are well nigh numberless.

The Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery Veteran Association at its annual reunion in Providence, Thursday, Commander William S. Bailey of this city was in command of the line.

day, Commander William S. Bailey of this city was in command of the line.

Mr. William H. Barber of New York, a Newport boy, has been visiting friends here this week. Mr. Barber is with one of the largest fur establishments in the country.

At the annual meeting of the shareholders of Redwood Library, Wednesday, Henry G. Marquand was elected president, Arthur B. Emmons vice president, Hamilton B. Tompkins secretary, and Thomas P. Peckham treasurer.

Wednesday morning Major Lockwood gave a hearing at the U. S. Engineering Office on the proposed federal harbor line for Newport harbor. Commissioner Shield, Colonel Powell, Commodore Gerry, Col. Honey, Mr. Cope Whitehouse and a number of other gentlemen were present and took part in the hearing.

The American Florists came upon us in large numbers yesterday. They were cared for right royally by the florists of Newport.

Eighty-five per cent. of the sailors in the U. S. Navy are American born and the number in the Army is increasing.

Ex-Governor Flower of New York says, "Let us not sit on the coat-tails of progress and boller whoa." That is about what his party has been trying to do for months past but just now their seats seem somewhat insecure.

Horses that have been selling in the Northwest at \$2 apiece are now worth \$20 to \$30 for the Alaskan market. The outlook for the noble animal seemed better till it was learned that he is eventually used in Alaska for dog meat.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Berkeley Sewing Club Wins Honors

The Berkeley Sewing Club of this town has been chosen to send representatives to the Springfield exposition. This club is one of the four organizations from this state to send a demonstration team of four girls to Camp Vail at the Eastern States Exposition in Springfield on September 16-23. The Berkeley Club numbers 45 girls, 22 of which are directly under Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham, and the 23 younger girls are under the leadership of Mrs. Benj. W. H. Peckham. Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham has charge of both divisions, assisted by Mrs. James E. Knott, Jr., the home demonstrator of the Newport County Farm Bureau.

This is the first time in a number of years that this state has been represented at this Exposition. There are 168 boys' and girls' clubs in this state and 2500 members.

The demonstration team will be chosen according to their ability to demonstrate and judge. These clubs study canning, poultry raising, gardening, handicraft, rabbit raising and cooking as well as sewing.

Rev. Reginald Pearce conducted the morning service in St. Columba's Chapel on Sunday morning in the absence of the rector, Rev. James H. S. Fair. Rev. and Mrs. Fair are enjoying their vacation. Mrs. Pearce entertained the ladies of St. Columba's Guild at her home on Thursday afternoon. Next Sunday morning the services will be conducted by Rev. Latta Griswold, who was formerly a rector of the church and also a teacher at St. George's School.

Mrs. Fred P. Webber and her two daughters, Misses Carolyn and Ruth, are spending a week with relatives and friends in Dennis, Mass.

Mrs. Thomas H. Wyllie is visiting her sister, Mrs. William C. Goodchild in Springfield, Mass.

The Men's Community Club of St. Mary's parish held one of its whists at the Holy Cross Guild House on Thursday evening. The affair was in charge of Mr. Benjamin Thurston and the proceeds will be added to the enlargement fund of the parish house.

The program committee of the Oliphant Reading Club has completed the program for the ensuing year and the first meeting will be held with the president, Mrs. Mary Z. B. Thomas, on October 6. The subject will be "The Radio." On October 20 Mrs. Lilla Peckham will be the hostess, the "Junior Red Cross." The special work for the year will be sewing for the Newport Hospital and the Sophia Little Home of Providence.

The prayer meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church was omitted on Wednesday evening. The Ladies' Aid Society held their annual cake sale on Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. George H. Irish.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Simmons have as guests Mrs. Black and Miss Foster of Stamford, Conn.

Mrs. Ermina Farnum Conger, who has been guest of relatives here, has returned to her home in Worcester, Mass. Her brother, Mr. Reuben Wallace Peckham, also went with her.

The G. T. Club of St. Mary's parish met with the president, Mrs. Karl G. Anthony, on Monday evening to work on articles to be sold at a table at the Newport County Fair. In the afternoon the chairmen of the committees of the St. Mary's lawn party met with Mrs. I. Lincoln Sherman and the reports were read.

A new Ford touring car bearing a Massachusetts number plate went off the road on Monday afternoon on Mitchell's Lane, west of Wapping Road. The machine ran the right wheels off the bridge on the Spooner farm and then turned over on its side in the ditch about three feet deep. The occupants were unhurt.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 16th, 1922.

Estate of John A. Thomas. REQUEST in writing is made by Mary E. Toller of said Newport, a sister of John A. Thomas, late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, that she or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the fifth day of September, next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 16th, 1922.

Estate of John A. Thomas. REQUEST in writing is made by Mary E. Toller of said Newport, a sister of John A. Thomas, late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, that she or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the fifth day of September, next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

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Freebody Park, Newport, R. I.

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BIGGEST OUT-DOOR SHOW in the East over 500 Different Dogs Entered Exhibition by Trained Police Dogs

Auspices Rhode Island Kennel Club

Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 2nd, 1922.

Estate of Thomas Dowd

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Thomas Dowd, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the twenty-first day of August, instant, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, August 7, 1922.

Estate of Deloris A. Mitchell

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Deloris A. Mitchell, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, is presented for probate and the same is received and referred to the fifth day of September, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, August 7, 1922.

Estate of Maria C. Conley

REQUEST in writing is made by the heirs of Maria C. Conley, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, intestate, that Roy G. Lewis, of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the fifth day of September, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 16th, 1922.

Estate of John A. Thomas

REQUEST in writing is made by Mary E. Toller of said Newport, a sister of John A. Thomas, late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, that she or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the fifth day of September, next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.



Co-operation

Every person who reads the following paragraph and gives it a moment's consideration will, I think, accept it as true:

Our operators are desirous of giving good service and are anxious to avoid errors. Error calls simply make additional work for them; therefore, every instinct of self-interest suggests that they answer calls promptly and correctly.

Mistakes occasionally will occur, some unquestionably resulting from operating errors, others from the calling of wrong numbers by subscribers. Not infrequently some defect in the delicate equipment of the central office is found to be responsible for a fault which the subscriber attributes to the operator.

It is our duty and our desire to strengthen these weak points in our service, whether the weakness be human or mechanical, and we can do it if subscribers do not wait until criticisms become complaints.

May I suggest this form of co-operation:

If there is reasonable doubt of the accuracy of our reports, such as "don't answer", "telephone disconnected", etc., I recommend that the chief operator be called at once. She is directly in charge of the operating room and responsible for its discipline. Therefore service criticisms should be discussed with her because in the great majority of instances, she is in a position to make prompt investigation and adjustment.

If the trouble is persistent, I want to hear of it and I will be especially grateful to those whose criticisms give dates and facts upon which to base a definite inquiry.

W. A. WRIGHT,
Manager.

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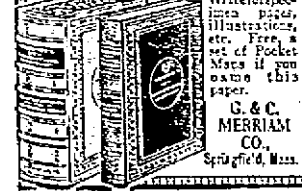
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PRICE 25 WORDS 25 CENTS FOR FIRST INSERTION, 10 CENTS FOR REPEATS

For Sale To Let Help Wanted Situations General Lost and Found

Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 16th, 1922.

Estate of Acapile E. Gersin

REQUEST in writing is made by Emily J. Gersin, of said Newport, widow of Acapile E. Gersin, late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, that Patrick J. Boyle, of said Newport, or some other suitable person may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the twenty-eighth day of August, instant, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 16th, 1922.

Estate of Angelina N. Gersin

REQUEST in writing is made by Emily J. Gersin, of said Newport, widow of Angelina N. Gersin, late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, that Patrick J. Boyle, of said Newport, or some other suitable person may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the twenty-eighth day of August, instant, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.